THOUGHT TEST READERS

FOURTH GRADE

THE
UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING
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S. M. B.

THOUGHT TEST READERS

FOURTH GRADE

BY

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PREFACE

Thought testing is an essential part of any good reading system. All teachers realize that it is vitally important for each pupil to get the correct thought from his reading.

It is only when the pupil comprehends what he reads that he derives the fullest enjoyment from his reading. The habit of correct thought-getting is one that must be developed. It is important, therefore, that the teacher shall have material at hand designed to develop and fix this fundamental habit. The stories in this book, and the accompanying test sheets, will be found invaluable for this habit-forming purpose and for measuring the comprehension of the individual and of the class.

A glance at the Table of Contents will readily show the rich program offered and how the wide variety of subject matter has been correlated with the regular fourth grade work. The factual selections have been presented to the readers in a vital, vivid, and interesting way. These instructional selections will unquestionably stimulate the reader to continue reading for himself. A pleasing variety is afforded through the interesting literary selections which are particularly appropriate for this grade. Most of these selections will be new to the reader.

This is both a silent and an oral reader. *Silent reading* is used in measuring the child's comprehension and the *oral reading* is used to check this comprehension and to show the reader where and how he went wrong. In this grade, too, the reader must read silently to develop speed and a high type of comprehension. The oral check is of vital importance in the development of comprehension.

Several new types of responses are developed through this book and through the test sheets. They are of the arrangement type, paragraph identification, the matching of expressions to form correct sentences, the true-false, and the elimination type of response. Particular emphasis is given to the recognition and purpose of the paragraph. For the sake of variation, and to avoid any possible chance of monotony, several forms of the paragraph test are given.

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THE AUTHORS.

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THE KING'S DRUM*

Once, in the long ago time, the King of India called all his helpers together for a great meeting. There was great wondering amongst them, and they whispered one to another, "What does it mean? Why are we here?"

Of course, they had come together before. But this was not one of the regular times of meeting. The messenger who had been sent to bid them come had said, "Make haste. The King has some great matter upon his mind. His brow is knit. His sleep is troubled."

So all the ministers hurried to the King and they sat in state, waiting to learn what he had upon his mind.

When all had gathered, the King appeared and spoke to them.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have called you in haste, for I am in need of your advice. I have ruled my country many years, and order reigns throughout the land. But I have thought that the people know too little about their King."

The King looked about, and all the men nodded solemnly.

"I have thought long of the matter," continued the King, "and it seems to me that the

*From *Myths from Many Lands*. Used by the courteous permission of A. Flanagan Company.

people should think more often of their King. I have wondered for a long time how best to do this, and at last I have thought of a plan."

"Tell us, Your Majesty," said all the men.

Then the King said, "I have decided to have a great drum made—one so large that the sound of it shall reach many miles from my palace. It shall be beaten every day, and when the people hear the sound of the drum, then shall they think of the King who rules them. That much is simple; but how are we to make a drum whose beating shall be heard for many miles?"

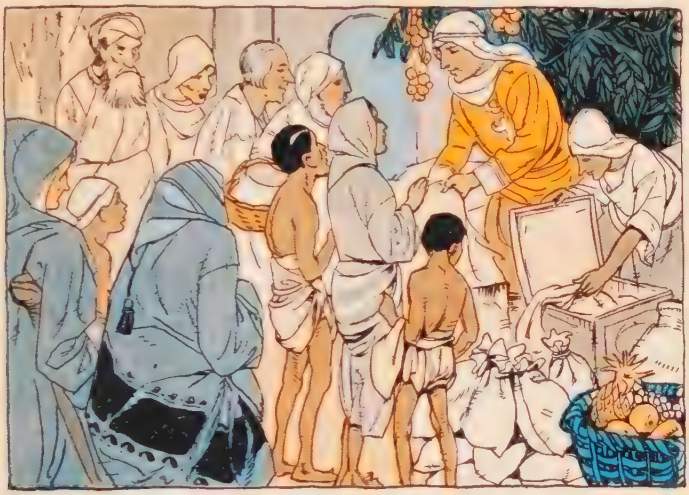
Once more the King looked upon his helpers. But this time they did not nod. How could the thing be done? It was quite impossible! Yet dared they tell the King so? His anger was so well known that no man wanted to be the one to say "It cannot be done!"

Quickly they talked with one another under their breath, and when the word had passed they all spoke together, saying, "Your Majesty, the thing cannot be done."

The King's eyes flashed. "What I say must be, shall be!" he thundered, and every man shook with fear.

At that moment an officer of the court, who was known to be very wise, stepped forward and saluted the King.

"Your Most Honorable Majesty," he said, "I know how to carry out your plan. I will



cause a drum to be made which shall be heard not only many miles, but clear across your kingdom. But," he added, "it will take both time and money to make it."

The King smiled upon the officer, whose name was Kandon, and he said, "You may have both."

Then the King and his helpers left while Kandon set about his task.

First of all, he sent messengers to all parts of the kingdom and this was their message:

"Let all who are in need come to the gateway of the King's palace, and there shall he receive a part of the King's treasures, so that none need suffer any longer. The King, out of the goodness of his heart, wants to help his people."

Over and over the messengers repeated this message, going here and there throughout the entire land.

The people began hastening to the palace gate, carrying with them baskets or sacks in which to receive their treasure. Kandon gave needed gifts to each one who came.

A long time passed. The people had almost stopped coming, and there was no more suffering in the land, when one day the King called Kandon to him.

"Kandon," he said, "I have given you both time and treasure, but I have not yet heard the sound of the drum that you were to make. Tell me what you have done. You have been very slow doing as you promised."

Then Kandon answered, "Your Majesty, the drum has just been finished. If you will go into the country, traveling about here and there, you will, I am sure, hear its notes everywhere."

So the King made ready and began traveling about through the land. He kept listening for the beating of the drum, but he did not hear it.

Instead, on every hand he heard joyful cries and happy shouts of, "The King! The King! Honor to the King! He is the great ruler of a thankful people."

He did not understand it! What could it mean? Yet he was mightily pleased. Never before had the people greeted him in this way.

Everywhere he went, the people praised him, and kneeling, gave him thanks.

"I wonder what all this means," said the King. "Kandon must have caused this. Yet I have not heard the drum beat. Perhaps the drum is made and in use, but I cannot hear it, although I have thought my hearing good."

After a time the King returned to his palace and once more sent for Kandon.

"I have had a wonderful journey," he said, "but nowhere did I hear the sound of any drum. Where is the drum?"

"Your Majesty," replied Kandon, "the praise of a grateful people is the drum that I have made. Its sound is heard throughout all the land, as I promised it should be, and everywhere it tells of your greatness and of the people's love for you. This is indeed a very precious drum, and I hope we may always be able to keep it in good working order."

Then Kandon explained how he had used the wealth of the kingdom until famine and misery had been driven from the land.

When Kandon had finished, the King stretched forth his hands and said, "You alone of all my helpers have been truly wise. From now on, you shall be my chief helper. It shall be your duty to keep this drum in good order. Keep it beating every minute of the day."

—*Julia Darrow Cowles.*

PRINCE THESEUS*

Theseus was a prince. His father was Aegeus, King of Athens, and his mother, Aethra, was the daughter of a king. Theseus was brought up at the court of his grandfather, where he and his mother lived.

When Aegeus went away to Athens, he said to Aethra, his wife, "I shall be gone many, many years, but I leave you the comfort and the company of our little son, Theseus. Bring him up as becomes a prince of the royal blood. Teach him to be strong, to be manly, to be brave."

Aethra promised, weeping at the thought of Aegeus' leaving.

"But listen well," said Aegeus. "When he is grown big and manly and brave, I want you to send him to me. I shall give you a token by which you will know when he is ready to come to Athens. By the same token I shall know him when he is presented to me at court."

Then Aegeus led Aethra to where a great stone lay partly buried in the forest, and pointing to it, he said, "Beneath that stone I have placed my own trusted sword, and the shoes I have worn. The stone is heavy and is partly sunken in the earth. When Theseus is strong enough to roll away the stone, tell him to take

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the shoes and the sword and come to me at Athens. By the sword and the shoes I shall know him for my son."

After Aegeus had gone, Aethra tried to forget her loneliness by caring for the little prince. She was delighted to see him grow strong and ruddy day by day.

At the court of his grandfather he was trained in wrestling and riding, in hunting with arrows, and in using the lance. He was a favorite with all the men of the court; and his grandfather gave him everything that could be given the grandson of the king.

"His father shall be proud of his son," said Aethra, as she taught him the good manners which would make him a gentleman.

At last the day came when Aethra, putting aside her own sorrow at the thought of losing her son, led Theseus forth to the forest.

There she showed him the great stone, now half covered with mosses and wild vines, and said to him, "Beneath that stone, Theseus, lie buried the sword and the shoes of your father, Aegeus. If you are able to roll away the stone, then are you ready to take the things hidden there and go with them to the court of your father in the great city of Athens."

As she stopped speaking, Aethra stepped back, and Theseus, his eyes sparkling at the thought of the journey before him, placed his strong young hands upon the stone. Then lightly and with scarcely an effort, he rolled it aside.

"The time has come," said his mother; and she turned her head, that he might not see her tears.

Taking the sword and the shoes, Theseus hastened back to the palace and began to make ready for his journey.

"Take my advice," said his grandfather, "and go by way of the sea. You will not meet so many dangers as by land. There are savages and monsters in the country through which you must pass if you go by land, and you are likely to meet enemies, too."

But Theseus was eager for adventure, and he knew that his strength and skill were great.

Also, he trusted that the sword and shoes of King Aegeus would give him even more power.

So Theseus set out on foot to make his way to Athens.

He had not gone far before he found himself in a country ruled over by a savage giant whose weapon was a club of iron. This savage attacked all travelers who passed that way, and Theseus was soon fighting with him.

But while the giant's blows were given with terrific force, his club was heavy, and he himself was so big that he moved slowly. So Theseus, who could spring and jump with all the strength and swiftness of a tiger, was able to dodge the giant's blows. Waiting for a good chance, the young hero struck out with his sword and killed the giant.

The people of the land were very happy that the wicked giant was killed. Theseus carried away with him the great iron club of the giant as a prize of his first real adventure.

Theseus met many other dangers as he went on his way. But each difficulty was overcome, and at last he reached Athens.

The stories of his adventures had reached the city, although no one knew who the young hero was. Theseus therefore was allowed to talk to the king at once.

But the greatest danger of all lay before the very throne of the king, though Theseus knew

nothing of this. He supposed that all danger was passed when he entered his father's palace.

Now there was in the palace a beautiful woman, named Medea, who was as wicked as she was beautiful. In some way she alone had learned that the fearless boy was the son of the King Aegeus, and she was afraid that he might tell the king of her wickedness.

So she hastened to the king, before Theseus came. She told Aegeus that the boy was a wicked fellow who was trying to steal the kingdom. Then she prepared a poisoned drink which the king should give Theseus, for Aegeus believed what she told.

Theseus, happy with his successes and eager to meet his father and know him, entered the hall and bowed before the king.

Aegeus offered to him the poisoned drink. But just as Theseus, not knowing of his danger, put out his hand to take it, Aegeus snatched it back and sprang to his feet. For he had caught sight of the sword that Theseus carried, and of the shoes which were upon his feet.

Dashing the cup to the floor and throwing his arms around Theseus, he exclaimed, "My son, my son! Thou art come to me at last."

Realizing that her wicked plot was known, Medea fled from the country. Then Theseus was declared the rightful prince and the next king. —*Julia Darrow Cowles.*

THE LADY OF STAVOREN*

Once upon a time, in the little country of Holland, there was a beautiful city called Stavoren, where many wealthy people dwelt. These people lived in great stone palaces, and they had beautiful churches, public buildings, and fine market places. But the people grew thoughtless and selfish, because they had so many good things. They forgot that there were poor people who were suffering; and they forgot even to thank God for the good things they had.

Now in this city of Stavoren there was one woman who had more wealth than all the others. She owned many vessels which sailed to foreign lands and came back filled with rich stores of goods. But she never gave any of her goods or her money to help the poor. She never did anything to make the children happy. She was haughty and proud.

When she passed through the streets, some of the women and children bowed very low before her, because she was so rich. But she never bowed in return, nor gave them so much as a smile or a look. And, because she treated the poor people in this manner, all the other rich people of the city did the same.

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One day, this rich Lady of Stavoren called the captain of one of her vessels to her and said to him, "I want you to sail far away and bring me back the very richest cargo of goods that is to be found."

The captain bowed low before her, and then he said, "I will gladly carry out your wishes. To what country do you wish me to go? And what kind of cargo do you wish me to bring?"

But the Lady of Stavoren waved him haughtily away from her presence as she replied, "How do I know what country or what cargo? I cannot be bothered with details."

The poor captain was quite perplexed. As he left the palace he said to himself, "What is the richest cargo? What is the most valuable thing to be found? I must ask those wiser than I."

So the captain went to the owner of the city's bank and asked him, "What is the most valuable thing in the world?"

The banker answered, "Why, gold is the most valuable, of course."

But still the captain was not quite satisfied. So he went to a prince who lived in the city, and asked him, "What is the most valuable thing in the world?"

The prince answered, "Diamonds are the most valuable thing in the world."

Still the captain was not quite satisfied. So he went to a little chapel that stood in a side street,

and he said to the priest, "What is the most valuable thing in the world?"

The priest answered, "The most valuable thing in the world is wheat. It furnishes food for all the people."

Then the captain was satisfied, and he sailed away with his vessel to a land where much wheat grows. But no one knew where he was going nor what he was planning to bring back. Everybody was curious to know what the Lady of Stavoren's vessel would bring back as the most valuable cargo in the world.

Days, weeks, and months went by. The people were so busy that they had almost forgotten about the ship, when one day a little Dutch boy went running through the streets, shouting, "The vessel! the vessel! The Lady of Stavoren's vessel comes!"

Then all the people hurried down to the wharf and waited as the vessel drew nearer and nearer; and they wondered what its precious cargo would be.

At last it drew up to the wharf. Then the Lady of Stavoren asked the captain, "What is the precious cargo that you have brought? Tell me, I am eager to know."

The captain took off his cap and bowed respectfully as he answered, "I have brought a cargo of wheat, my lady."

"Wheat!" cried the Lady of Stavoren. "Wheat! What use have I for a cargo of wheat? You may dump every kernel of it into the sea!"

The captain was dumbfounded. The people cried out. The poor begged that portions of it might be given to them.

But the rich people agreed with the Lady of Stavoren, saying, "What an idea! Wheat, indeed, when we had looked for gold and gems!"

The poorer people pleaded in vain. The captain had to give orders that all the great cargo should be shoveled into the sea. And it formed a great bar across the harbor.

"It is a wicked act!" cried the people. "The Lady of Stavoren will yet be punished for it."

The Lady of Stavoren heard the shout as she walked away. Turning about, she drew a beautiful ring from her finger.

With a toss of her head, she said, "When this ring returns to me, then shall I be punished!" With these words she threw the ring far out into the sea.

The next day a strange rumor passed from lip to lip throughout the city.

"Have you heard?" the people whispered. "The cook at the palace found the Lady of Stavoren's beautiful ring this morning in the stomach of the fish he was preparing, and he gave it back to her!"

"And what said my lady then?" the listener would ask.

"She turned very white, but said not a word."

The days went by in Stavoren. The rich people became richer, and the poor people became poorer. Then, one night, one of those things happened which can happen only in Holland, where the land is lower than the sea. There was a leak in the dike. The water began to pour through. Faster and faster it came; and when the sun rose in the morning, it shone upon a great bay of water. The city of Stavoren had been drowned.

On the edge of this great bay, which is called the Zuyder Zee, there is today a little fishing village called Stavoren. And the fishermen's

children love to take you in their boats and point out to you, beneath the clear water, the place where the stone towers and turrets of the old city rise from the bottom of the bay. Just at first you may not be able to see them. But as your guides tell you the story of the Lady of Stavoren, the picture of the old city comes clearly before you; though whether it lies actually beneath the water or in your own imagination, you cannot feel quite sure.

—*Julia Darrow Cowles.*

PROVERBS

A soft answer turneth away wrath;
But grievous words stir up anger.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is
Than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

KING WENCESLAS

It was Christmas time in the North of England. A thick layer of white snow covered the entire countryside. The intense cold had frozen the surface of the snow so that it creaked and groaned with every step one took.

The great palace of the good King Wenceslas was lighted from cellar to roof with a thousand gleaming tapers, for it was Christmas Day. A grand feast had just been finished and the lords and ladies were amusing themselves with merry games and with stories of heroic deeds.

Good King Wenceslas, however, was not taking part in the merriment. He moved among his guests with a kind word and nod for everyone, but often he stepped to the window and, pulling aside the heavy curtain, gazed out into the clear, frosty, bitterly cold night.

Of what was he thinking? For whom was he looking? Surely all within the castle gates, both men and animals, were quite removed from the bitter weather. Nevertheless, the king frequently stood by the window as if watching for something or someone to come into sight.

At last, he was rewarded! Just as the great moon slipped from behind a bank of clouds and the path into the woods was lighted by it, a stooped, tired-looking figure came into sight. Even from the window, the king could see the

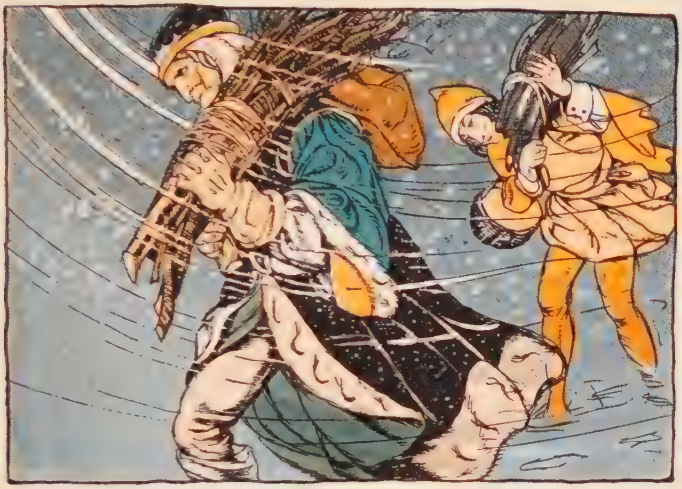
poor man's fluttering rags and how hard it was for him to keep his cloak wrapped about him. Now and then the poor fellow stopped and picked up a broken limb that was not entirely covered with snow. These he fastened into a bundle and went wearily on looking always for more wood with which to build a fire to keep the cruel winter from his tiny hut.

Suddenly, the king turned back to the warm, bright hall. He called a servant saying, "Come hither, page. Stand close to the window. Now tell me, if you know who is yonder peasant? Where is his home and what kind is it?"

The page watched the bent figure for a moment, then said, "Sire, he lives about three miles from this castle. His name is Andrew. His hut is close to the forest near the fountain of St. Agnes. He is poor, wretchedly poor, and life is hard in this bitter weather!"

As the lonely peasant, stooped more than ever with the heavy load of wood, moved out of sight along the path that led to St. Agnes' fountain, the king commanded, "Bring food and drink, and plenty of thick pine logs. Thou and I, my page, will watch the wretched fellow dine when we have taken him these things."

So together the king and the page, carrying great loads of food and fuel went out from the warm, shining castle into the frosty night. Their burdens were very heavy and the slender



page, unused to the hardship of raging wind and bitter cold, seemed hardly able to go on. To make things worse, the night grew darker, the wind blew more fiercely and the path became rougher and rougher. The deep snow hindered the page and he stumbled along until in terror he cried out, "Sire, it is so dark! the wind so strong! my heart fails! I can go no longer!"

Then good King Wenceslas answered kindly, "Follow my footsteps, my good page. Walk boldly. Be not afraid. Then thou shalt find this winter storm much lighter and thyself much warmer."

So the little page walked in his master's footsteps. And lo! there was heat in every step he

now took. The page followed not only his king, but he now trod in the footsteps of a saint.

For Wenceslas, rich king that he was, had always helped the poor. And now, after years and years of giving blessings to the needy, he himself was blessed and made a saint.

—*Adapted from an Old English Ballad.*

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Tho' the frost was cruel;
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling;
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?
Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes fountain.

MY DOG

1

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me—
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through
With love unspeakable, but true.

2

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket, or some nook hard by
Where I have hid them from his eye.

3

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs,
Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And when he's done it to the core
With eyes all eager pleads for more.

4

Somewhere upon his hinder legs
My little doggie sits and begs,
And in a wistful minor tone
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone—
I pray it be his owner's whim
To yield, and grant the same to him.

5

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,
It may be by some garden-gate,
With eyes alert and tail attent—
You know the kind of tail that's meant—
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

6

Somewhere a little dog is seen,
His nose two shaggy paws between,
Flat on his stomach, one eye shut
Held fast in dreamy slumber, but
The other open, ready for
His master coming through the door.

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

I LOVE TO SEE

I love to see a little dog.
I love to pat his head.
I like to see him wag his tail,
Whenever he is fed.

—*Selected.*

Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove,
That's the sort of little child,
Every one will love.

—*Selected.*

APOLLO AND HYACINTHUS*

In the olden days, the Greek god Apollo greatly loved a young boy named Hyacinthus. The youth was not one of the gods, but he pleased Apollo by his grace, by his beauty, and by his love of outdoor sport.

Together, they often fished in the streams or hunted the deer in the forest. When tired of hunting, they would amuse themselves with sports and games.

Hyacinthus had another admirer, Zephyrus, the West Wind. Now Zephyrus became very jealous in his love for Hyacinthus.

Hyacinthus was true and loved all his friends. He loved Zephyrus just as much as he loved the god Apollo.

"Come, join us in our sports," he would call,

*From *Myths from Many Lands*. Used by the courteous permission of A. Flanagan Company.

as he heard the West Wind rustling near them.

But the jealous Zephyrus would not join them. Instead, he would keep to one side, well out of sight, but not so far that he could not watch their games and pastimes.

As he watched them, his anger and jealousy grew until he could take no pleasure in anything he did. He began to think what he could do to put an end to the friendship between Apollo and Hyacinthus.

One day Apollo said, "Hyacinthus, let us try our skill at a game of quoits."

"Agreed," said Hyacinthus, and the sport began.

For some time they played. Then Apollo threw the quoit with great force and speed.

Hyacinthus had become excited over the game and he ran forward to pick up the quoit. But as it fell to the earth, it suddenly bounded up and struck Hyacinthus in the temple.

Zephyrus, who, unseen, had been watching the game, had blown upon the quoit in a sudden gust of anger, causing it to change its course and strike Hyacinthus in the temple.

When Apollo saw Hyacinthus fall, he ran forward, caught his friend in his arms, and did everything possible to aid the boy. But Hyacinthus' life could not be brought back.

"Ah, what have I done! I have caused the death of one I dearly loved!" wept Apollo.

Then, as he saw the blood from Hyacinthus' wound staining the grass, he exclaimed, "A beautiful flower shall grow on this spot, and year after year it shall spread over the world and give pleasure to all who see it."

As he spoke, a flower like a lily, but of beautiful purple, sprang up and unfolded its petals to the sky.

"The flower shall bear your name, Hyacinthus," said Apollo, "and the gods shall tell of its beauty in poetry and song. But upon your petals I shall write the sign of my sorrow."

Then Apollo wrote, "Ah! ah!" upon all the petals of the flower, making it more beautiful.

So Apollo left the wonderful flower and went back to his home on the mountain.

Year after year, the hyacinth grows in memory of Hyacinthus. People say that early in the morning it is visited by Zephyrus, who fondles it and weeps over it, in sorrow for his own jealousy and anger.

But when people see the teardrops of Zephyrus upon the petals of the flower, they think them only the morning dew.

—*Julia Darrow Cowles.*

The sunshine and the rain of years
Are human smiles and human tears.

—*Eugene Field.*

THE CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN*

Many, many years ago, in the land of the Crystal Mountain, there lived two brothers who were as unlike in character as they were in worldly goods.

The older brother had broad lands; also chests well filled with silver and gold. He lived in a castle and had many servants to wait upon him. But he was selfish in his dealings, and unkind in his treatment of all those who had less than himself.

The younger brother had a small cottage and a tiny bit of land. He had no chests of silver and gold. Indeed, he sometimes found it hard to buy enough food to keep his household comfortable. But he had a wife and two loving children, and he was kind and thoughtful toward all.

Everyone loved the younger brother, while no one loved the elder brother.

There came a hard winter, following a dry summer. And while the elder brother lived comfortably in his great castle, the younger brother knew not how he was to keep his family from starving and freezing. It was bitterly cold, and almost no fuel was left for them to burn. There was but little food in the cupboard and no money with which to buy more.

*From *Myths from Many Lands*. Used by the courteous permission of A. Flanagan Company.

In his distress, the younger man went to his elder brother and asked if he might not borrow enough to keep his family until his next crop should be gathered.

But the elder brother answered, "Why should I lend to you? There is little chance that you could ever pay me back. I must look after my own interests first. Why can you not make money as I do?"

So the younger brother turned sadly away. What should he do next? He could not go home without food or comfort to offer. He walked on, scarcely knowing where he went.

Presently, he bowed his head and prayed.

Looking ahead he saw, not far away and straight before him, the Crystal Mountain. He went forward and climbed to its top. He had heard that fire always burned within its cup-shaped top.

"Perhaps I can carry some red coals home," he said, as he toiled upward.

What was his surprise, upon reaching the top of the mountain, to see twelve little men seated about the circle in the center of which the fire burned.

"They are guarding it. I cannot get the fire!" he said to himself. But he was so cold and weary that he sank down to rest, for he could feel the warmth of the fire. And oh, how good it felt!

To his surprise, he heard his name called, and looking up, he saw a little old man with white hair and long white beard leaning over the fire.

"My son," said the little old man, "Tell us why you come, and what it is that you wish."

Then the younger brother, looking into the kind eyes of the little old man, told him his trouble, adding, "I cannot go home to my wife and children until I can take them food and warmth."

Then the little old man, with a sly wink to the other eleven said, "We will fill one of the sacks with red coals and give it to him, and let him return to his home."

The twelve began filling a sack with what looked like coals, and as they worked the young man watched them. He noticed that three of the figures were clothed all in white, three in tender green, three in golden-yellow, and three in purple and scarlet.

When they had finished filling the sack, they handed it to the younger brother and went back to their seats. He thanked them, and taking the sack upon his back returned down the mountain-side.

He staggered under the weight of the sack, and he wondered that it did not burn him. At length he came to the door of his home, where his wife and children welcomed him joyously, for they feared that something had happened to him.

Then he told them of his strange adventure on the Crystal Mountain, but he did not tell how unkindly his elder brother had treated him.

When the young man had finished, he added, "And now I have some red coals which will at least keep us warm for a time."

He emptied his sack, but behold! there lay at his feet, not coals, but a heap of shining gold.

Now the younger brother could buy food and fuel and every comfort he needed; for there was gold enough to make him a very rich man.

The news soon spread about the country, and a few days later the elder brother came to visit him.

"I am sure you did not get this honestly," he said, as he looked about. "I shall have you put into prison unless you tell me where you got so much gold."

Then, to save himself, the younger brother told of his adventure on the Crystal Mountain and of the gift of the sack of coals.

"I shall look into this for myself," said the elder brother as he went away.

Secretly, he was determined that he would go to the Crystal Mountain and see if he could not get more riches for himself. So he climbed the mountain as the younger brother had done.

He saw the twelve figures, three clothed in white, three in tender green, three in golden-yellow, and three in purple and scarlet.

Turning to the elder brother, the little old man asked, even as he had asked the younger, "My son, why do you come and what is it you wish?"

Then said the elder brother, "I am poor and hungry and I need help."

The little old man replied, "My son, your words are not words of truth. You have plenty and you come to us for more. You shall be punished as you deserve."

The elder brother never came back from the Crystal Mountain; and when a year had passed, his castle and everything he owned were given to his younger brother. Thus the young man lived in comfort and contentment all the rest of his life.

—*Julia Darrow Cowles.*

In the frozen buds of every winter,
Sleep the blossoms of a future flower.

—*Selected.*

THE CONVENT FREE FROM CARE*

Once, when the Emperor Charles V was traveling in the country, he saw an abbey, and in passing by a little door he read this strange inscription:

"Here you live without a care."

The Emperor was very surprised and could scarcely believe his eyes.

"It seems to me an impossibility," he thought; "does some one really exist on earth who is free from care? As Emperor I am overwhelmed with troubles, while here in this abbey, which is a little kingdom in itself, one would have nothing to worry about. I cannot believe it."

Immediately, on setting foot in the village inn, the Emperor sent the hostess to fetch the Abbot of this singular abbey.

*From *Christmas Tales of Flanders*. Used by the courteous permission of Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

You can imagine what a state of mind the latter was in when he heard he was summoned to the Emperor's presence.

"What have I done to displease him?" he asked himself. On the way he examined his conscience over and over again, and he could think of no fault of which he was guilty. "I am in troubled waters; I must steer my way through," he said.

When he was in the Emperor's presence, the latter expressed his astonishment at what he had read.

The Abbot now knew why he had been summoned, and wailed. "Sir!" said he, "does that astonish you? However, it is very simple; we eat, we drink, we sleep, and worry over nothing."

"Well, Reverend Abbot, that state of things must come to an end," said the Emperor, "and in order that you may have your share of trouble, I command you to bring me tomorrow the answers to the three following questions:

"First, What is the depth of the sea?

"Secondly, How many cows' tails would it take to measure the distance between the earth and the sun?

"Thirdly, What am I thinking about?

"Try to please me or I shall exact a penalty from you."

On hearing these words, the Abbot returned to his abbey with a heavy heart. From that

moment he knew no peace. He cudgeled his brains as to what answer he could make to the Emperor.

When the little bell of the abbey rang, summoning the monks to prayer in the chapel, the Abbot continued to pace his garden. He was so deep in thought that he knew nothing about what was taking place around him. Even if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, he would not have noticed it.

"What a horrible thing," he thought. "Is it possible that such a misfortune has overtaken me? I cannot possibly answer. Who can help me? Perhaps our shepherd can; he has a very lively imagination; but talk of . . ."

At that very moment the shepherd appeared, leading his flock. He was very surprised to see the Abbot, who was always without a care, meditating in solitude.

What could have happened?

Without more ado he went to him, and asked him what was troubling him so deeply.

"Yes, I deserve to be pitied," said the Abbot, and he told him what had happened.

"Why are you tormenting yourself over a little thing like that?" the shepherd laughingly replied. "Leave it to me, and all will be well. Tomorrow I will come here and dress myself in your robe, and I will turn the tables on him."

At first the Abbot said, "That cannot be done," but in the end he gave in, and the matter was settled.

The next day the shepherd went boldly to find the Emperor.

"Well, Reverend Abbot," the Emperor said with serenity, "have you found out the answers?"

"Yes, certainly, sire."

"Speak, I am listening."

"Sire, the sea is as deep as a stone's throw.

"To measure the distance between the earth and sun, you need only one cow's tail if it is long enough.

"Do you wish to know, sire, what you are thinking? At this moment, you think that the Abbot is in your presence, and it is only his shepherd."

The Emperor laughed so heartily that, if he has not stopped laughing, he is laughing still

—*Bosschere.*

ROLL IT AROUND

Roll a kind thought around, children,
Roll it all around!
Until it gathers all kind thoughts
That gentle hearts have found.

—*Anonymous.*

THE KNIGHT OF THE FORGE

Early one summer morning, the young prince and all the court rode into the cool, green forest to hunt. All day they chased the deer through brake and bush until darkness came and they had to return to the palace.

When they reached the palace, the nobles found that their prince was not with them. They were very badly frightened and a searching party was quickly formed. All night these men, carrying blazing torches, followed the forest paths looking for their beloved prince.

But the prince was having an amusing adventure and was not in the least danger. On finding that he had become separated from the rest of his court, he wandered along a lonely road until he met a great burly blacksmith.

The prince said, "Tell me, good man, the way to the town. I have been wandering about since

dark but somehow have not been able to find the right road."

The blacksmith, who was a very rude, outspoken man, answered, "You are too far from the town to reach it tonight. Methinks you know it, too, and travel along this road for no good."

The prince laughed and said, "Faith, man, what do you think me to be?"

To this the blacksmith replied, "I will tell you truly, sir, I think you are a gentleman thief. Come not too close else I shall crack your crown with my staff."

"You do me great wrong," answered the prince, "I am an honest gentleman. I swear I am not a thief. All I ask of you is food and a bed for the night, for which I shall pay."

"Bah!" said the blacksmith, "you have not a penny in your purse."

"Ha," answered the prince, jingling some coins in his pocket, "there you are wrong. I have gold enough to pay all that you ask."

Upon hearing the noise of the coins, the blacksmith was much taken back and said, "Come along then, if you are honest, I shall keep you for the night."

"On my honor," the prince answered, "I have ever been honest. Won't you take my hand on it."

"No, no," said the blacksmith, "I shall join hands with you when I know you are an honest man; not before."

So they went along to the blacksmith's house, and upon opening the door they were greeted with the delicious smell of a cooking supper that would have been the envy of any hungry man.

The blacksmith went in first. Catching up a candle, he held it close to his guest's handsome face. He must have been satisfied with what he saw for he said, "You have an honest face. You may stay here tonight, if my good wife is willing."

His rosy-cheeked wife was not so turned by a handsome face, and she cautioned her husband saying, "Good man, it is true he is a handsome lad; but we must be sure that we be not fooled by a handsome face." Then turning to the prince she said, "Tell me, lad, you are not hiding from the sheriff, are you?"

The prince, hat in hand, bowed low as he answered, "I am a poor follower of the prince. I have lost my way. Keep me for the night and I shall pay you well for your kindness."

His words were so sincere, his face so honest, and his blue eyes so true that the good woman believed him. She said, "We shall care for you, lad, we shall care for you gladly. The best of ours shall be yours, poor as it is. We shall fill your bed with much fresh straw and put on it

clean linen sheets. But mind you be very careful of these good sheets."

At this the prince laughed long and loudly and, after promising to use her sheets with greatest care, they sat down to supper. There was hot apple pudding, pie filled with blue berries from the forest, and sweet cider in great brown mugs. But as the best was to be given their guest the blacksmith said, "Good wife, pray bring on Big Horn."

Then the woman went to the oven in the fireplace and brought out a rich, brown, venison pie.

"Eat," said the blacksmith. "You may never have a chance to taste such as this again."

So the prince ate and wondered at the richness of it. Then he said, "Truly, I have never eaten anything so delicious."

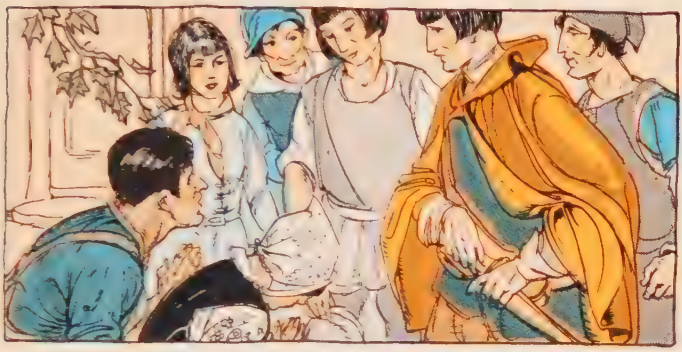
The blacksmith answered boastingly, "This is the food we eat every day. We are used to it."

"But tell me, good man, where do you get it? If I knew, I should have it often," said the prince.

"We do not buy it," said the blacksmith with a sly grin and wink of the eye. "Yonder is the prince's forest. Now and then we shoot a deer over there."

"Then this is the royal venison?" asked the prince.

"Surely you do not know much, if you do not know this," said the blacksmith. "But promise



me never to say anything no matter where you go."

Then the prince promised solemnly, "The prince shall never know any more of this than he now knows." Soon after he finished his supper and went to bed where he slept soundly on his fresh straw bed and clean linen sheets.

Morning found no one in the prince's palace. Every nobleman of the court was out searching for his prince. Every heart was filled with fear and terror lest some evil had come to the beloved ruler. And it happened that just as the prince was taking leave of the blacksmith and his rosy-cheeked wife, some of the searchers saw him and ran to him crying, "Prince! Beloved Prince! At last we have found you!" and they crowded close to him asking, "Where, where have you been?"

And what of the burly blacksmith, so rude the night before? And of his wife who mis-

trusted her handsome guest? White and shaken with terror they were. They expected to be dragged from their home and punished. For had they not insulted the prince?

The prince quite understood their fright and decided to give them a bit more. So he drew out his shining sword. At that both man and wife were on their knees begging his mercy and his pardon. They were not ashamed that all heard their pleading and saw their tears.

Then the handsome young prince cried, "Arise my good people. Henceforth you, brawny blacksmith, shall be Sir Smith, Knight of the Prince's Forge. You and your lady here shall be owners of yonder forest and lands in which now roam the prince's deer." Then with a sly wink and chuckle he added, "Watch them well, Knight and Lady Smith, lest the countrymen around shoot a deer from your forest now and then."

With that he rode away leaving the newly-made knight and his lady gasping at such payment for their kindness.

—*Adapted from an Old English Story.*

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruit.

MR. NOBODY

1

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done,
In everybody's house!

2

There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

3

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;

4

That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done,
By Mr. Nobody.

5

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.

6

The finger marks upon the door
By none of us are made;

We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.

7

The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots;—they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

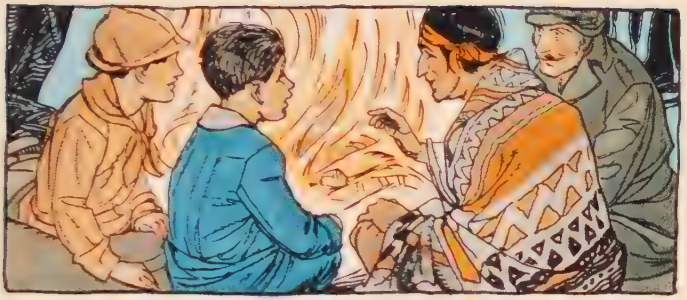
—*Unknown.*

ONLY ONE MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over.

—*George Cooper.*



EARLY DAYS IN AMERICA

The camp had been made and all was ready for the night in the woods. By the light of the snapping pine branches old Black Bear, the Indian guide, was preparing for tomorrow's hunt. Close by his side were Jim and his cousin John. Just a week ago, John had come to the United States on the great ocean liner, South Sea, from his home in Australia. From New York, where John landed, it had taken just a few days to reach the deep woods, hills, and cold streams of Maine. Here Jim and Uncle Jack, with the help of Black Bear, were giving John his first glimpse of America. And what a glimpse it was! Indians, woods, bears, deer, fishing, hunting, and a campfire at night were a few of the things John was seeing for the first time. But much of this new land was very hard for the little boy to understand. He could not

believe that Black Bear was not a savage like those Indians about whom he had read. But Black Bear loved Uncle Jack and Jim so he tried to be very kind and friendly to John. The old Indian always answered John's many questions so that the little boy could easily understand him.

As they settled around the fire that evening, John asked many things about which he had been thinking all day. "How did all the cities come, Black Bear? Didn't this country first belong to England? Were there any other people besides Indians here at first? It was England who started this country, wasn't it?"

"Your questions come too fast, little chief," replied Black Bear. "But," he added, "I will tell you the story as my fathers have told it." And as the fire snapped and flamed, the story of the first English settlement in America was told.

JAMESTOWN

"A long time ago many people in England had no work. They had a hard time to get food. They lived too closely together in the crowded cities.

"But across the sea was a great, new country. Here my fathers, the Indians, hunted. To this new land the English turned."

"It was all forest then, was it not?" asked John. "Why did the English come here?"

"They came to America because they had been told that America was a rich country where they would find plenty of gold," the old Indian replied. "The English first settled the part of the new land which some of their explorers had named Virginia. Their little town they called Jamestown in honor of their king James I. Some of the Englishmen who came to Jamestown were brave and willing to work but most of them, when they found no gold, did not want to work."

"John Smith was the bravest of them all," said Jim. "He was the captain of the colony, and a good leader. He visited the Indians and traded with them. The Indians were glad to give corn for a few bright beads and other trinkets. But, one time, the Indians nearly killed him."

"You're not telling the story, Jim," his father told him laughingly. "You're a 'listener.'"

"Yes," Black Bear went on, "one day, John Smith started on an exploring expedition. He and his men went far into the forest. The Indians, who lived there were angry with the white men because they had taken their hunting grounds. They captured the brave captain. Then they took him to the chief who said that John Smith must die. The chief's name was Powhatan. Powhatan did not like the English-

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POCAHONTAS SAVING THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

men either. He thought, 'I will kill the pale-faced chief. Then the other palefaces will have no leader. They must die or go away.'

"So he ordered the captain to be tied fast. The warriors, glad to be rid of the strong pale-face, sat quietly in a circle around him. A strong young warrior raised the heavy club. Then, like the lightning of a stormy sky, ran Pocahontas the chief's daughter. Swift as a deer she ran to the white captain and threw herself upon him, ready to take the blow from the great club.

"But the young Indian knew better than to harm the daughter of Powhatan, the most beautiful of all Indian maidens. Pocahontas pleaded with old Powhatan for the life of the paleface. She was successful and soon the deer-hide thongs that bound the prisoner were cut and Chief Powhatan adopted John Smith as his son.

"When John Smith went back to Jamestown later, he found his people without food. But in a few days, the Indian girl, Pocahontas, came with baskets of corn. She came every few days after that. The food she brought kept the people of Jamestown from starving.

"The next spring Smith told the settlers that every man in the village would have to work. He said that those who would not work should not eat. Then they planted corn and in the autumn were able to fill the storehouse with food for the winter.

"Jamestown began to grow and the people were happy in the new land. Then John Smith, the brave leader, was wounded and had to go to England where there were good doctors.

"While he was gone, the people grew lazy and idle again. Food was so scarce that during one terrible winter most of the settlers starved. When spring came those who were left decided to return to England. But, before they were far from shore, they met three ships coming with

food and new settlers from England. So the homesick settlers returned to Jamestown.

"By this time, the people knew there was no use in spending their time looking for gold. They found that it was far better to plant tobacco. Shiploads of it were sent to England each year to be sold there. When the ships returned to Jamestown they brought things that the people needed most.

"At last, the people of Jamestown had found work in the new land. But their troubles were not entirely ended. They often suffered from hunger, sickness, and from unfriendly Indians. But each time new settlers came from England, the little village was made stronger. It grew and grew. The people became richer and richer until at last this first English settlement was one of the strongest and richest in America."

The fire burned low. The children stretched out sleepily as the old Indian said, in the way his fathers talked, "Now we sleep, tomorrow we hunt, at night we tell more stories."

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him.

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

He that by the plow would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive.

—*Proverb.*

PLYMOUTH

The boys spent all of the next day in the land of make believe. The forest trails were peopled with savage Indians and John Smith's band of gallant Englishmen. But, when the camp was made at night, they were both ready to listen to Black Bear's tale of Plymouth.

"About the time that John Smith came to Virginia," Black Bear began, "another band of Englishmen were planning to leave England. In England, they were not allowed to worship God as they wished so they moved to Holland where they lived for eleven years. But in Holland they were not happy, for all the children were beginning to speak the Dutch language and forget their English. So, just thirteen years after Jamestown was settled, one hundred two of them came to America where they might worship God as they pleased and live and talk as English people. Because of their wanderings, they became known as Pilgrims. They built a town near Cape Cod in Massachusetts, which they called Plymouth, in honor of the town from which they had sailed from England. This part of the country was very cold. The English were not used to such severe weather and many became sick and died. When spring came, only half of the Pilgrims were left. The Mayflower, the ship which had brought them

to Cape Cod, sailed back to England but the Pilgrims stayed in their new home happy in their new-found freedom.

"Then, one day, to their great surprise, one of my Indian brothers came to their village. He

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PURITAN SETTLERS WITH THEIR INDIAN GUIDE

could see how brave the palefaces were. He was sorry for them. He could see, too, how poor they were. He acted neither unfriendly nor afraid. When he was within hearing he cried 'I am Samoset. Welcome, Englishmen!' More surprised than ever, several of the Pilgrims went to meet the friendly Indian. He told them that he had lived with some English sailors from whom he had learned to speak English.

"Samoset, his friend Squanto, and the chief of the tribe, Massasoit, became true friends to the Pilgrims. The Indians brought them food,

taught them how and where to find the best fish and game, and, in the spring, showed them how to plant their corn. With this help the Pilgrims passed a happy summer and in the autumn found that their harvest was very plenti-

© A. S. Burbank, Plymouth, Mass.

THE TOWN OF PLYMOUTH IN 1622

ful. In fact it was so good and they were so thankful that they decided to have a season of thanksgiving with prayers, a feast, and games for merriment.

"To this Thanksgiving were invited Massasoit and his warriors who brought five deer and other food besides. The tables spread under the trees were heaped with roasted turkey, venison, corn meal, biscuits, pumpkin pies, and many other good things. There was enough food to last for a week. This was the first Thanksgiving in America."

"Did they have a brave leader like John Smith?" asked John, for John admired the brave captain.

"Yes, indeed," answered Black Bear. "The Pilgrims had several leaders. Before they left the Mayflower, they made a set of good laws for the new settlement. They chose John Carver to be their governor. It was his duty to see that the people obeyed the laws. John Carver died soon after coming to America and the Pilgrims then chose William Bradford. The leader of their church or meeting house was Elder Brewster. Their soldier leader was Miles Standish. He was as fearless and brave as John Smith. The Indians feared and respected this soldier who was a little man with a very bad temper. So you see the Pilgrims had good leaders. They never became as rich as the people of Jamestown but they were happy and content in their home in the wilderness.

"There were some fine young folks in Plymouth too, Mary Chilton, Priscilla Mullins, and John Alden."

"I remember," cried Jim, "John Alden and Priscilla. Longfellow wrote a poem about them and Miles Standish. Mother told me the story. I'll tell it, it all happened because– "

But the sandman had come into the woods and Jim could only dream about Priscilla and John Alden.

NEW YORK

Black Bear continued his story very abruptly the next night as the boys helped him gather wood for the fire. He said, "John you think New York is a fine city, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said the serious-faced little boy from Australia. "The animals in the zoo at Central Park, the beautiful shops on Fifth Avenue, and the crowds in Wall Street made my head whirl."

"Long ago when New York was known as New Amsterdam, there was a high fence where Wall Street is now," mused Black Bear half to himself.

"Tell us about it," asked the boys eagerly, for they knew their guide wanted to tell them the story he had so often heard from the old Indians of his boyhood days.

So Black Bear began.

"One day, long ago, a ship came sailing up the Hudson River. Here and there, along the river, it stopped and the captain and sailors came ashore. They traded pretty beads and bright cloth with the Indians for rich furs. It was Henry Hudson and his crew in the Dutch ship, 'Half Moon.' After exploring the river and country bordering it for many miles, the Dutch ship sailed away. The Indians thought they would see their kindly Dutch friends no more.

"But in a few years more ships came. A fort was built. The Dutch said 'This land is ours. Henry Hudson claimed it for us.'

"The Dutch settlers began trading with the Indians for furs and a good business was begun.

THE EARLIEST VIEW OF FORT AMSTERDAM ON MANHATTAN ISLAND

"After a few more years, the Dutch people bought Manhattan Island from the Indians. They bought thousands of acres for just a few dollars worth of beads and cloth, and here they founded the city, New Amsterdam, which they named after a city in their own country of Holland."

"But at least they bought it from the Indians. That was something the people of Jamestown and Plymouth did not do. They just took it. I should think the Indians would have been angry about that," remarked Jim.

"Yes, that is true," Black Bear said. "The Indians were pushed out in the other colonies, but the Dutch bought their land.

"Then came the rich landowners. They were called *Patroons*. They took great stretches of land on the Hudson River. This land was divided into small farms and worked by poor Dutch settlers. The Patroons were like Kings. They had many slaves.

"Over the entire colony was a governor sent from Holland. The last Dutch governor was Peter Stuyvesant. He was a hard and severe man, but one who tried to do his best for the city of New Amsterdam.

"He did not allow the people to make their own laws. But everyone must obey the laws that had been made and all had to go to the same church. He tried hard to protect his people from the Indians who were unfriendly. It was Peter Stuyvesant who built the high wall where Wall Street now is."

"When I think of busy, narrow, Wall Street, all this is hard to believe," murmured John.

"My people often crept close to that fence and peered within to find how closely the Dutch were watching," said Black Bear as he took up the story again.

"Finally, the English came and claimed that the city and all the surrounding country was theirs. A long time before this, Englishmen had

© *Brown Brothers*

PETER STUYVESANT, THE LAST DUTCH GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

claimed the land for England, so England said she owned it.

"The governor, Peter Stuyvesant, was very angry and stamped his wooden leg, saying, 'Never, never, will I give it up.'

"But the people were tired of his strict ways. They wanted a little more freedom, they wanted to help to make the laws. They wanted freedom to attend whatever church they wished. The people wanted the English to stay. As Peter Stuyvesant had no one to help him, he had to give up to the English. So the English took possession of New Amsterdam. In honor of the King's brother, the Duke of York, the city of Amsterdam was called New York. The people were happy. They had the freedom they wanted.

"Many of the richest people of New York today must look back to the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam for their beginnings in America."

As the story about the greatest city in America ended, the little Australian boy thought it was no wonder that New York is such a wonderful city. Everything helped to make it so—the sturdy people who founded the city, the harbor, the large river near by, and the flat lands where great railroads could easily be built to carry products to and from it.

The honest, sturdy phrase, "I can,"
  Upheld by force of will,
Will bring you further up the hill
  Than any aid of man.

—*Selected.*

PENNSYLVANIA

The boys wondered if Black Bear would have time to tell them another story on this their last night in the woods. There were many things to get ready for the trip to Philadelphia the next day. But the old Indian was as eager to tell the story as the boys were to hear it. So he began while he cooked a fine large trout for supper.

"Tomorrow, you go to Philadelphia, a fine old city. William Penn called it his City of Brotherly Love."

"Did William Penn start it?" asked John. "Was he a brave leader, too? Will you tell us about him?"

"William Penn was a very rich Quaker who lived in England. The King had borrowed large sums of money from him. To pay him back, the King gave Penn a great stretch of land in America. It was named Pennsylvania, which means Penn's woods. Here he founded a new home for his Quaker people."

Here Black Bear was interrupted by Jim, who said, "Tell John about the Quakers, Black Bear. I think you don't know about them, do you, John?"

"No, I do not know very much about them," answered John.

"The Quakers lived in England and thought, just as the Pilgrims did, that the teachings of

the Church of England were not right. The Church of England said, 'The Church will tell you what is right to do.' But the Quakers thought that each man should have the right to decide what was best to do. Besides, the Quakers did not think they should have to pay money to the Church of England. Neither would they fight during war. The men even refused to take off their hats to a judge, to a governor, or to the King himself. The other English people could not understand these queer ideas. They thought the Quakers were stubborn and they tried to make them obey and do as they did. Therefore, the Quakers were treated as cruelly as the Pilgrims were once treated in England. So, in order to live as they wished, many of them, led by William Penn, came to America.

"William Penn was a brave, kind, honest leader. He had neither gun nor gunpowder like

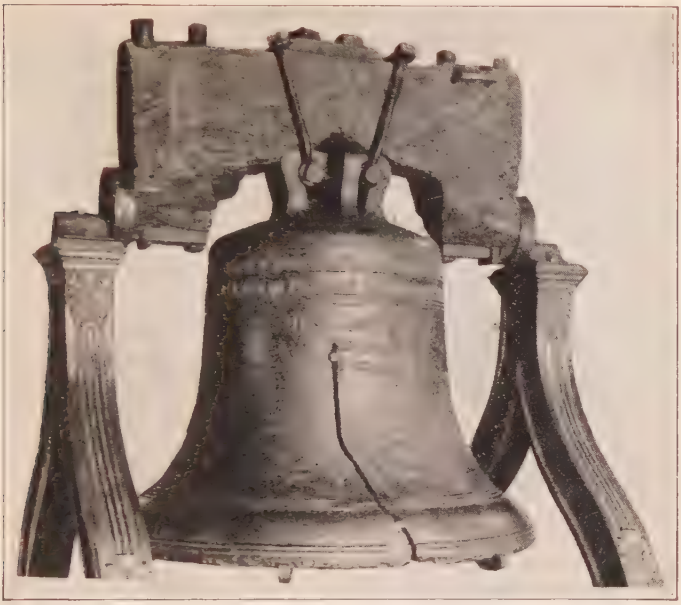
John Smith and Miles Standish, but the Indians did not harm his settlers. This was because he insisted upon the settlers obeying the Golden Rule: 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you.' Penn soon arranged a meeting with the Indians. They smoked the peace pipe and promised to be friendly to each other. The Indians liked this Golden Rule and for many years kept their promise of peace.

"When Penn came to Pennsylvania he did many fine things for his settlers. He had them come together and make good laws. One of the laws said that the people could attend any church they wished. Another law said that all children over twelve years of age should be taught some kind of work, such as printing, shoe-mending, or building.

"Before Penn came to America, he had planned a city to which he gave the name of Philadelphia. That name means *brotherly love*. He planned this city of brotherly love with the streets so wide and straight that even to this day very little money has been spent to straighten them."

"In just a few days, John, you'll see what a fine city Penn laid out," cried Jim excitedly. Philadelphia was Jim's home and he loved its wide streets bordered with trees.

"People in Europe and other cities in America," continued Black Bear, "were told



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OLD LIBERTY BELL, INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

what Penn had done for the settlers in Philadelphia. They thought that it must be a good place in which to live, so many people came there. It grew very fast and, soon, it was the largest city in America. Many important things happened there during the Revolutionary War."

Jim was so proud of his city that he could listen quietly no longer. "I'll show you the very places where they happened, John. You'll see the Liberty Bell that rang to tell the people that the Declaration of Independence had been signed. It is in a glass case in Independence

Hall where the most important meetings of the Revolutionary War were held. We'll go to see the little house where Betsy Ross lived when she made 'Old Glory,' the first American flag. Out at Fairmont Park is a little brick house, in which William Penn lived."

By this time Jim was quite out of breath. Black Bear drew the delicious looking trout from the glowing coals as he said, "Very good, Little Chief, now we shall eat, then we shall sleep, then we shall go to the City of Brotherly Love."

THE FLAG GOES BY

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines,
  Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the Flag is passing by.

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

  Hats off
The Flag is passing by!

—H. H. Bennett.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

John was more interested in the United States than ever after his sight-seeing trip around Philadelphia.

"The colonists were brave to dare to break away from their mother country," he cried, when he had been told the stories of the famous old buildings he had just seen.

"Yes, but they had some fun doing it, too, especially when they had the Boston Tea Party," answered Jim.

"Oh, do tell me about it," begged John, as Jim took Black Bear's place as story-teller.

"One of the reasons why war started between England and the American colonists, was the fact that the king wanted to make the people of America pay taxes."

"'I'll make the Americans pay a few cents on every pound of tea they buy,' the King said. 'They can't get along without tea so they will be forced to pay the tax. In that way, I will get money to pay my soldiers and governors in America. This money will also help to pay the debts of the war we have just fought against the French to protect our colonies in America.'

"When the Americans heard of this tax on tea they said, 'We will not buy one ounce of tea. We do not want English soldiers and we have our own debts to pay.'

"Some towns made the tea ships turn around and go back to England. Others allowed the cargo to be unloaded but let it stand out and spoil.

"Word came to Boston that a shipload of tea was coming. Of course the tea had to be unloaded.

"A long, long meeting of the men of Boston was held in the Old South Church, to decide what to do about the tea.

"During the stillness of that night, the people of Boston were aroused by the shrill cries of Indians in fiercest war paint and gayest feathers. They were on the ship unloading the tea into the sea. What a surprise for the Captain and sailors when they returned to the ship!"

"Oh, oh, what a joke," laughed John.

"Yes," laughed Jim, "every chest of tea was thrown into the sea. Then the Indians disappeared. Can you guess who the Indians were?"

"Indeed I can," answered John, "they were some of the people of Boston. Oh, but the king must have been angry!"

"I tell you he was!" said Jim. "He was so angry that he sent warships to Boston harbor. The port of Boston was closed and ships were not allowed to go in or to go out. That made all the Americans very angry. They decided to raise an army and fight. The next year they had a very important meeting right here in Philadelphia. The Declaration of Independence was written at that time. It said our country no longer belonged to England but that it was free and independent."

"That was the beginning of the Revolutionary War, was it not?" asked John.

"Several battles had been fought before that and George Washington had been chosen leader of the American Army," Jim told him. "One winter during the war Washington and his soldiers camped quite near Philadelphia. It was at Valley Forge. Sometime, maybe Father will take us over there.

"Look! Here come Bill and Ned. Come on. We will teach you how to play baseball. Do you want to learn?"

"Of course, I do," said John.

He learned it quickly and found he liked the American game as well as he did the American stories he had heard.

INDEPENDENCE BELL

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames like fabled Phœnix
Our glorious Liberty arose!

That old bell now is silent,
And hushed its iron tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still lives—forever young.
And when we greet the sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We'll ne'er forget the bellman
Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Rang out *Our Independence*
Which, please God, shall never die.

—*Anonymous.*

VALLEY FORGE

Early one fine summer day, Jim's father said, "How would my little Americans like to ride down to Valley Forge today?"

Jim's answer was a shout of delight but John said, "What is Valley Forge?"

"Valley Forge is the place where Washington and the American troops camped one winter during the Revolutionary War. It is not far from Philadelphia. I've been there many times," Jim told him.

After a short ride they reached Valley Forge. Jim's father stopped the car near a small house built of field stones, saying, "This is the first stage of our journey. Do you remember this place, Jim?"

"Indeed I do," answered Jim, "this was General Washington's headquarters while his troops camped here."

It took only a few moments for the boys to look through this tiny house. There were but two rooms downstairs and two upstairs. They were interested to learn that Washington had the log addition built to the house for a dining room. But even with the added room it was not a very comfortable place for the great general to live.

They learned, too, that the house belonged to Isaac Potts who was a blacksmith. His forge was farther down the Valley Creek. When John

heard this he cried, "That is why it is called Valley Forge, is it not?"

"Yes," laughed Jim, "you've guessed right."

Then the little boys walked along the bank of Valley Creek until they came to a place where, many years before, the Valley Creek blacksmith had worked. Nearby, were the clear and cold spring, and the bridge. In the fields, the American troops had camped.

Looking over the rolling hills, John said, "This is a fine place for a camp. The soldiers must have had a jolly time."

"Not so jolly as you think, boy," said Jim's father. "During that severe winter, many soldiers died from cold and hunger. At one time food was so scarce that Washington feared the army would break up as a result of the desertion of the hungry men. By February, four thousand men were unfit for soldier duty because they had no shoes and clothing. General Lafayette said of these soldiers that 'their feet and legs froze until they were black, and it was often necessary to amputate them.' To shelter themselves from the storms, they cut down trees and made rude huts, one hut for each twelve soldiers. These huts had no floors. The soldiers had to sleep on the wet and frozen ground, often with no blankets or straw to cover them."

"Were the Americans so poor, Daddy?" asked Jim.

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WASHINGTON'S TROOPS AT VALLEY FORGE

"No," answered his father, "our Congress was a very poor manager during that winter and gave the soldiers few clothes and little food. There were barrels of shoes and clothing lying along the roadsides but there was no way to get them into camp. So the soldiers had to do without the things they most needed."

"I read in a history book," said Jim, "that General Washington felt very sorry for his soldiers. Many Americans wanted him to have

another battle but he knew that his tired, ragged, hungry troops could not fight then."

"Yes," father answered, "General Washington did know how his men suffered. All their hardships made him suffer, too. I have heard this story that Isaac Potts, the blacksmith, is supposed to have told about Washington.

"One day Potts was walking through the woods when he heard some one speaking. Potts walked very quietly toward the place from which the sound came. There he saw General Washington kneeling upon the hard, frozen ground asking God for help. As he prayed, he wept.

"Soon his prayers were answered. Help came. General Von Steuben, one of the finest soldiers in all Europe came to help the Americans. He began to train and drill the American troops. Then, one spring day, word came to the army at Valley Forge that France was ready and willing to help, too. This gave the soldiers new hope and courage for the hard days which were to come."

The sun was setting over the valley before the boys were ready to leave. They had gone back to the hard days with the Revolutionary soldiers. They had seen the fine monuments and tiny huts that mark the places of the many camps. And, at the close of their day at Valley Forge, they felt that they knew the patriots of the Revolution and their splendid leader, George Washington, just a little better.

PAVED ROADS FROM INDIAN TRAILS

Did you ever stop to think, as you went speeding along over a well-paved road that stretched for miles and miles across our great country, that you might be riding on what was once a narrow, crooked, rough, Indian trail?

When the first white settlers came to America, they found that the only paths through the forest were the trails of the Indians. These trails were so narrow that, after a rain, a traveler would get a thorough drenching from the bushes and low trees overhanging the path. The Indians always traveled in single file not for safety or because of custom, but because the paths were so narrow that they would admit but one person at a time. One interesting thing about these Indian trails is that they always kept to the high ground. But in doing this the trails very often became crooked and rough. So far as is known, the Indians never improved their trails in any way. Upon some of these forest paths the white men built their roads. Many of the old trails have become a part of the great Lincoln Highway which stretches across the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Another of these great highways is the Dixie Highway which connects the cold wintry North with the South and its glorious summer weather.

The first step in road-making was the widening of these Indian trails. This was done by constant travel over the paths as the country was being settled. The pack horses, carrying freight from one settlement to another, wore away the

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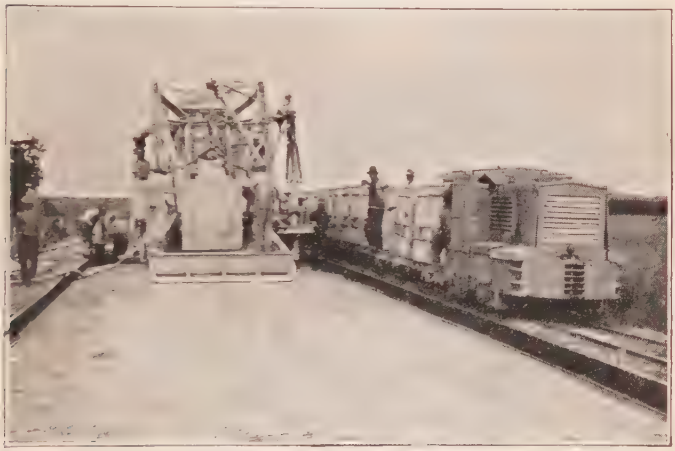
THE STONE MONUMENT MARKING THE END OF THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL WHICH WAS ONCE AN IMPORTANT TRADE ROUTE BETWEEN EAST AND WEST

brush on each side of the trail and so made it wider. Armies began to move from place to place early in the history of our country and they cleared and widened the trails.

Most of the straightening of these paths was done in winter when the traveling by sledges

was far easier. Short cuts over the open ground leading from one part of the path through the forest to another part served to straighten the former zig-zag trail. When a short cut was made during the winter, it would be followed



Courtesy U. S. Bureau of Public Roads

A MODERN CONCRETE ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION

during the summer and in this way the path was made shorter and straighter.

Then there came a time when the state governments chose several men in each settlement to lay out and decide upon road improvements.

The use of wagons and carts made a great change in the width and beds of roads. The great solid wheeled carts were able to go wherever the oxen which drew them could go. The only things that stopped them were mud holes.

These, however, were filled up by laying great logs in the low, wet places. Such a road was called a corduroy road.

When the stage coach came into use, better roads were built. Ditches were dug along the sides to drain the water from the road bed and gravel was hauled from rivers and creeks to make a firm top.

This kind of road was first built by a famous engineer of Scotland, called McAdam, so this type of road became known as *macadam roads*.

Another kind of road, built at the same time, was of planks. A well-made road bed was prepared. On this were placed long wooden stringers. Planks about eight inches wide were laid across these stringers. Usually, the plank road was but a single track built on the left side of the roadway. The people thought that such a plank road was cheaper to build and to repair than a macadam road, for timber was very plentiful then. Besides its cheapness, it was very easy for the horses to haul heavy loads upon such a road.

You know the next and last step in road building. You have seen and traveled over miles of paved roads. Some are of brick, some of concrete, some of gravel, and some of asphalt. Many of these fine highways have developed from the Indian trails of bygone days.

ANIMALS THAT HELP MEN

How lucky men are to have so many helpers among the animals! By means of their great strength, fields are plowed, heavy loads are carried from place to place, and man himself is able to travel over deserts and snow fields that he would not dare to cross alone.

The animal helpers are not the same in all countries. In the United States, the horse is used. In the cold northern countries, reindeer pull the heavy sledges over frozen ground. In the hot lands the elephant is used. On the desert we find camels. In the mountains of South America, llamas are the helpers. In several countries of Europe and in Alaska, dogs pull carts and sleds.

In each of the following stories, you will learn how these animals help and how their strength gives men more power.

THE HORSE IN THE UNITED STATES

1. Although great herds of wild horses roamed over the western plains of our country for several hundred years, they are not native to America. They were brought here from Spain by the Spaniards who explored this country soon after its discovery by Columbus. Often,

these Spanish explorers had neither food nor water for their fine horses, so they turned them loose to find a living for themselves. From these horses were bred the wild horses which roamed the country. From the wild horses, the western

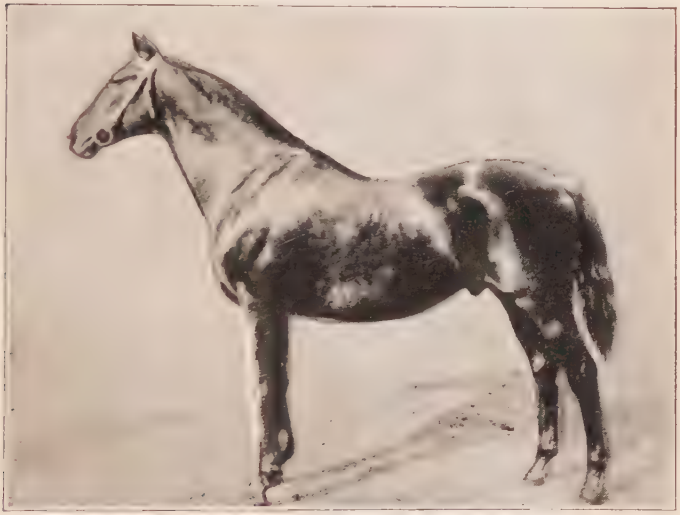
Courtesy Department of Agriculture

PERCHERON HORSES AT WORK

ponies or mustangs, which both Indians and cowboys rode, were developed.

2. The people who settled the eastern coast of America needed horses to pull plows and cultivators through stony New England farms. As there were no trains or automobiles, people had to travel on horseback. The roads were so narrow that wagons could not be used. When a farmer went to the mill to have his corn or wheat

ground into flour he put it into bags and hung the bags on either side of the horse's saddle. Often, a dozen or more horses would be loaded with packs and with one driver travel for miles over forest and mountain trails.



Courtesy Department of Agriculture

A FINE TYPE OF AMERICAN RACE HORSE

3. When more settlements were made, and roads became wider, people traveled in stage-coaches. These great closed carriages were drawn by six or eight horses. Here and there along the route, the horses were changed for they soon became tired and could not travel fast.

4. You have seen pictures of the great covered wagons in which the people of the east journeyed to the west. These covered wagons

and the faithful horses that pulled them over the long miles of mountains and plains have had a very important place in the history of the United States. Without the horse, the West could not have been settled. During that time, they took the place of the fast trains that today cross our country.

5. On the great, grassy plains of the West large herds of cattle graze. Mounted on a swift-footed horse, one cowboy can watch thousands of cattle. During the round-ups, with the help of a few more riders, the cattle can be driven for miles. This is made possible by the strong, swift horses used by the ranchmen. Without the horse, there could not be such great ranches and herds of cattle, for men need the swiftness and strength of the horse to help them in this work.

6. Today, there are several different kinds of horses used in the United States. The large, heavy black or gray horses, which you often see drawing great loads, are Percherons. They are the commonest draft horses in the United States. Their home was in Perche, France. There, hundreds of years ago, they were bred for great size and strength because the knights needed large, strong horses.

7. The American race horses or thoroughbreds are among the best in the world. These horses are descended from fine English racers. Most of them are raised in Kentucky. The

Kentucky weather is so mild that the horses can be pastured outdoors, on the finest grasses, nearly all through the year. From being out-of-doors so much the hoofs are kept in excellent condition. This is very necessary for race horses because, as the old saying goes, "no foot, no horse."

8. A few years ago, it was thought that horses had lost their place on American farms to the tractor and automobile, but time has proved that these cannot entirely take the place of the horse on the farm. So, today, instead of having fewer horses on the farms, more and better ones are being raised than ever before.

THE HORSE'S PRAYER

Feed me, water and care for me;
Provide me with a clean, dry bed;
Always be kind to me;
Do not whip me when going up hill;
Never strike, but give me a chance to understand you;
Do not overload me;
Keep me well shod;
Examine my teeth when I do not eat;
Give me clean, cool water often;
Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun;
Never put a frosty bit in my mouth;
When my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze.

THE DOG

A great many stories have been written about the dog, man's first animal companion. You may remember how the wolf cub was taken into the family cave and how he became a rough plaything for wild little cave children. Little

Courtesy Metro-Goldwyn Corporation

A DOG CART IN HOLLAND

by little, the children and grandchildren of this tame wolf became gentler, and learned to understand the people with whom they lived.

Some of these tame wolves, or dogs as we call them, were taught to help the shepherd care for his flocks. These became the sheep dogs and

collies of England, Scotland, and, later on, of America. In the mountains of Switzerland, the dog was trained to search for travelers lost in the snowstorms. These are known as the life-saving St. Bernards. Man first used dogs for hunting. Since that time, many kinds of hunt-

ESKIMO DOGS

ing dogs have been developed to fill the different needs, from the small rabbit hound to the beautiful setter, or bird dog. But the dogs about which we are most interested in this story are the ones who help man by carrying his burdens.

If you should wake up some morning in Holland or Belgium, you would hear the milk carts rattling over the cobble stones with which the streets are paved. You would be surprised to see that they are not drawn by strong horses,

as in America, but by dogs. The dog takes the place of the horse in all parts of these small countries. They can be seen trotting along the roads each market day with their small carts of vegetables, cheeses, and butter. These faithful little animals who work so hard for their living are very valuable to their masters.

Indeed, so necessary are good dogs to the people of Belgium and Holland that a special breed has been developed to draw the carts. These dogs are large and very sturdy. But, even though they are strong, the governments of these countries have passed laws to protect them. There are inspectors who make sure that carts are not too heavy and that harnesses are just right. The dogs themselves are carefully examined and none but strong, healthy ones are allowed to work.

In many parts of Canada and Alaska, the only way of traveling during the winter months is by dog sled. The Eskimo dogs, or *huskies*, are very hardy, wolf-like creatures. Six or more harnessed to a light sledge will travel sixty miles a day for days at a time. They are well satisfied, after a long run, with a bit of dried or frozen meat. Then, after a night's sleep in the snow, they are ready for the harness and the open, snow-covered road.

Without the help of these dogs, the ice and snow of the northland would be as impassable as the desert is without the camel. On most of

the important exploring trips the way has been broken by dogs. When sickness or need of food make necessary a long trip over the frozen land the dogs are the ones who make it possible.

Not long ago, a wonderful race with death from diphtheria was run by a famous dog team to Nome, a city in southern Alaska. As snow and ice locked all other means of travel there was but one way to send the serum that would save them to these unfortunate people. The finest dog team that could be had was sent on this errand. They arrived in time and the lives of many people were saved. This team of heroes was bought for the people of Cleveland, Ohio, where they now live in comfort at Brookside Park.

DON'T

"I'm tired of don'ts," said Margaret D.,
"Just as tired of don'ts as I can be,
For it's 'don't' do this, and 'don't' do that,
'Don't' worry the dog, 'don't' scare the cat,
'Don't' be untidy, and 'don't' be vain,
'Don't' interrupt, 'don't' do it again,
'Don't' bite your nails, 'don't' gobble your food,
'Don't' speak so loud, it's dreadfully rude,
'Don't' mumble your words, 'don't' say 'I won't.'
Oh! all day long it's nothing but 'don't!'
Some day or other I hope—'don't' you
Some one or other will say, 'please do'?"

THE REINDEER

Have you ever wondered why, in the pictures shown of Santa Claus, reindeer are used to draw his gift-laden sleigh from his home in the far north? It is because in the cold, snow-covered arctic regions the reindeer are used as we use horses. They have been trained to carry packs and men on their backs, and to draw heavy sledges.

In the northern parts of Europe and Asia, the people depend on them for a living. The reindeer milk is their main food. It is made into butter and cheese just as cows' milk is in our country. The flesh is eaten, too. The skins of these animals are made into warm clothing and used for the covering of the tents which, sometimes, are the only shelter these people have. The antlers are used for weapons and the sinews are used for thread.

The reindeer is the only animal that can exist on the moss that grows under the thick snow in the cold countries of the far North. With hoofs and antlers, he scrapes away the snow and eats the moss until the pasture is so closely eaten that a new one must be found.

Then the owner of the herd packs his tent and few household furnishings on great sledges to which are hitched three or four reindeer. Like the desert wanderer of the hot countries, he and

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AN ALASKAN ESKIMO WITH HIS REINDEER-DRAWN SLED

his family go in search of a new place to live. The place they choose depends of course upon where they find the new pasture. They even move to the sea coast where the reindeer feed on the seaweed cast up on the beach by the waves.

A few years ago, several officers of the United States government were traveling in Alaska. They saw that this cold land was much like that of northern Europe and Asia. They knew that it would be a good place to raise reindeer, the animals that are so useful to people of cold countries. When these officers returned to the United States, it was decided to buy a small herd of sixteen reindeer for the people of Alaska. The Eskimos learned that the milk and flesh of these animals would give them the food which

they so often needed. They also learned that heavy loads could very easily be carried or pulled by them on sledges.

From then on, for about ten years, the United States bought a few reindeer for Alaska each year. A group of Laplanders was sent to Alaska, too. They taught the Eskimos how to care for the reindeer so that the herds became larger. Now there are at least a million reindeer in Alaska.

The people of Northern Europe and Asia could not live without their reindeer herds and the Alaskan Eskimos have learned that life is much easier since they were given these beasts that carry their heavy burdens and provide them with food.

THE TINY REINDEER

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of mid-day to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.

—*Dr. Clement Moore.*

THE CAMEL

In the earliest stories that we have, we hear of men traveling across the desert on the backs of their camels. When Columbus was a little boy, great strings of camels called caravans carried fine cloth, spices, and precious stones

Publishers Photo Service

A CAMEL CARAVAN IN THE DESERT

from the countries of Asia to Europe. Because this is the only animal used to carry people and packs across a great sea of sand, the camel is called the "ship of the desert."

There is another reason for giving him this name. As he goes on and on over the desert his

body sways from side to side like a ship in a storm at sea. The camel sways like this when he walks, because he lifts both feet on one side at the same time. Due to this swaying, all loads, and very often people, must be strapped on very tightly. To the desert traveler who is not used to it, camel riding is a very unpleasant experience and sometimes a great hardship.

But there is no other animal to take the camel's place. He is a desert animal and can live for a week without water. For days he needs only a handful of dry dates or beans to eat. When food is scarce, his body uses the fat from the humps on his back. His knees and breast are covered with a thick layer of tough skin, so when he kneels in the hot sand he is not hurt.

The camel has been carrying men's burdens across the desert from the earliest times but he has never become man's friend as has the horse and elephant. This is very odd, too, when we remember how close the camels and the men who drive them live in the villages. The camel shares his master's shelter. In the two-story native house, called the *caravanserai*, the camels occupy the lower floor, while the people occupy the upper. During a sand storm on the desert, the camel is man's only protection. At the first sign of the coming storm, the camel crouches as flat on the sand as he can. His great body is a small hillock behind which his driver hides from

the fierce sweep of the stinging sand. But, even though he shares the privileges and dangers, the camel is ungrateful to his human companions. He groans and complains whether his load is light or heavy. He often becomes violently angry, too. So it is well not to keep too close to him in case he begins to bite and kick. But once loaded and on the march, he keeps on his way steadily until the journey's end.

A large freight camel can easily carry five hundred pounds every day for many days. Besides being valuable as a pack animal, the milk and flesh of the camel is used for food. From the hair, a soft warm cloth is woven. The desert people use this cloth for clothing and the covering for their tents.

ARABIA

A barren land, where life stands still,
Unchanged from day to day—
Where camels stalk and wild beasts roam
Along the desert way.

—*Unknown.*

Kind words are little sunbeams,
That sparkle as they fall;
And loving smiles are sunbeams,
A light of joy to all.

—*Selected.*

THE LLAMA

When the first Spaniards went to South America to find great riches of gold and silver, they found that the Indians had tamed thousands of animals that looked somewhat like camels. These were the llamas. For hundreds of years the males were the pack carriers of South America. The females provided the people with milk.

The llama is about three feet high at the shoulder and, unlike the camel, does not have a hump. The neck is long and the head and face look much like the camel's, except that the ears are upright. The wool is long and coarse and is not used except for twine and rough cloth. Their feet, like those of mountain goats and sheep, are very well adapted for mountain climbing.

As soon as the Spanish had conquered the Indians of this country, they began to work the gold and silver mines. Not long after this, lines of llamas were seen carrying the bags of valuable ore down the mountains to the sea coast. But the Spaniards soon learned that the llama would not be over burdened. He would carry about a hundred pounds but never more than one hundred twenty-five pounds. When the pack was too heavy, the beast became ugly and refused to move until some of his load had been removed. Beating only made the llama worse. Then he kicked and spit. Finally, after the load had been

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A LLAMA PACK TRAIN IN PERU, SOUTH AMERICA

lightened, the stubborn little animal would proceed along the rocky mountain path, carefully picking his way to the sea, with his burden.

Besides being used for pack animals, the llamas are kept for the milk they give. The flesh, which is coarse and of a disagreeable flavor is not often used. From the skin leather is made.

The llama was the only animal besides the dog which had been tamed and used in America by the Indians up to the time of the discovery of Columbus. Used so many hundreds of years ago as pack trains, these little animals were the only means of carrying goods over the high mountains of South America.

THE ELEPHANT

The most interesting part of every circus is the elephants. The children love to feed peanuts to the elephants. The elephants take the peanuts with a gentleness almost unbelievable in such huge creatures.

The home of these great animals is in faraway India and Africa. There, in the dense, shadowy woods, they live in herds or families. The herd is always led by an old mother elephant. The African elephants are larger and stronger and worth more for their ivory than the elephants of India.

The ears of the African elephants are much larger, too. When they are angry and ready to charge an enemy, they spread them out until they look like great fans. Then, with loud trumpeting and unbelievable swiftness, they rush at the unfortunate hunter.

Another strange thing about elephants is that their skin, which is very, very tough, is sensitive to heat and biting insects. For this reason they need frequent baths. It is amusing to watch them wade into the water, fill their long trunks with water, and then spray their backs with it. When insects must be driven away and water is not near by, the elephant takes a dust bath. He picks up a large quantity of dust in his trunk and sprays it over his huge back and sides. The

elephant is proud of his natural bath spray and cares for it well. When in danger or ready to make an attack, his trunk is carefully rolled up so that it will not be hurt.

All elephants do not live in circuses or in the forests. Many live in the stables of the princes

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AN ELEPHANT AT WORK IN ONE OF THE LUMBER CAMPS OF INDIA

of India. In fine trappings of gold, silver, and velvets they march in the processions of the rulers. The more elephants an Indian prince owns the richer he is thought to be.

A great many tame elephants work in the lumber camps of India. Day after day, they carry and pile up logs of heavy teakwood.

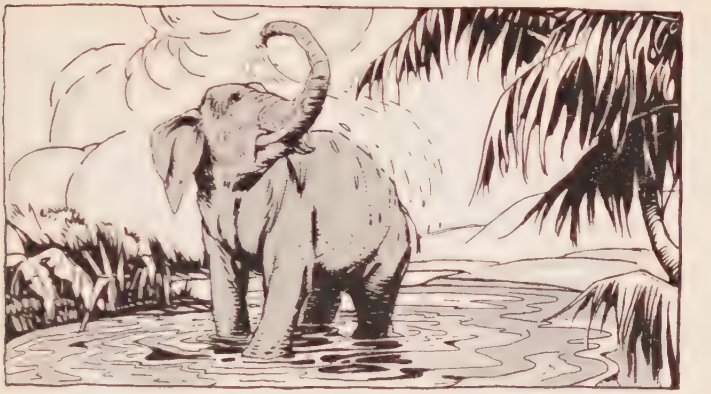
Many interesting stories are told of these elephant lumberjacks. They go to work, just as the native men in the camps go, when the whistle blows. They work steadily until the whistle again blows for the men to cease work. Immediately, they carefully drop their logs, no matter where they are and go to their corrals for rest and food. When work starts again, each elephant goes to the very log he was carrying—so keen is his sense of smell picks it up with tusks and trunk, and continues his journey.

Elephants work well together, too. The heaviest logs in the teakwood forests are carried by two elephants, one at each end. In this way, they will work for days at a time.

An elephant often becomes very much attached to the family to which it belongs. He will work all day pulling, pushing, and carrying the heaviest burdens and at night, like a faithful watch dog, he will protect his master's house.

At other times, he will be the nursemaid for the baby of the family, watching for hours at a time so that no harm will come to the child.

Hundreds of years ago the elephants were used in war. Armies from Asia and Africa brought them to Europe. The sight of the huge beasts so frightened the enemy that they turned back in terror. But, finally, it was learned that elephants could very easily be frightened. After that they were of little use on battlefields.



After the wild elephants are captured, they learn to perform their duties very quickly. They are the most intelligent of all animals. But in the wild state they are quite stupid.

In an elephant hunt there are from two to three hundred men. When a herd is found, they form a ring around it and keep moving in until they have the elephants crowded closely together. Then a light fence is quickly put up to enclose them. Any other animal but the elephant would soon have the fence kicked down. But not the elephant! He is too stupid.

After the elephants are captured, a heavy wooden fence is built and in this corral they are kept until the elephant trainers come. Tame elephants help the trainers put iron chains on the newly captured ones and fasten them to stout trees until they understand that they are prisoners and must obey.

HOW THE ATLANTIC WAS CONQUERED

For hundreds of years, the people of Europe were afraid to venture far upon the broad Atlantic. It was a sea of darkness. They thought terrible monsters lived in it, and they believed that unknown dangers awaited the foolish sailor who dared to explore it. These ideas persisted until long after the time that Columbus made his famous voyage of discovery.

From time to time, however, there were men who were brave and daring enough to cross it. These heroes blazed a trail for others to follow, not only across the great stretch of water but through the terrible fears which were like an impassable mountain.

We find them crossing from east to west and later from west to east in rugged Viking ships, sailing vessels, steamships, submarines, and aeroplanes. The story of how the Atlantic was conquered begins hundreds of years ago when the first Viking ship made a rough and stormy voyage to the shores of America.

CROSSING IN A VIKING SHIP

1. Some time before the year 1000 A. D., a group of people came from the island of Iceland to Greenland. Their first home had been in Nor-

Courtesy Hazel G. Kinscella *An Old Print*

AN OLD VIKING SHIP

way. These bold sailors had become dissatisfied with the king and so had left Norway to settle in Iceland.

2. One of the boldest, bravest, and most daring of these Icelanders was Eric. Misfortune came to him one day and he was sent away from Iceland and told never to return. So Eric gathered a crew of hardy seamen to man his Viking ship and sail away to a new land, a land about which he had heard many stories. In this way Eric, the Northman, found Greenland.

3. Later, he returned to Iceland and urged many of the Northmen to come to Greenland and make their homes. About twenty-five ships,

loaded with the Vikings' women, children, cattle, and sheep started for Greenland. On the way, about half were lost in a terrible storm. When those who were left reached Greenland they started to build the stone houses, the ruins of which can still be seen.

4. The Vikings, the seamen of the North, lived in Greenland for about four hundred years. During this time, the sea was their road to adventure, always open and ready to lead them to new lands.

5. It has been said that Columbus, who several hundred years later discovered America, was the first white man to venture so far to the west. But from the history of Iceland comes the story of Viking ships lost in a storm, reaching the wooded slopes of our own land.

6. The story of this new land was told to Leif, son of Eric. He was immediately stirred with the desire to find this land and explore it. So he got a sturdy ship and started out. Part of the time the great square sail on the Viking ship was filled with favorable winds, part of the time the husky oarsmen had to pull on the great oars. So by wind and oar the Northmen finally sighted the wooded land of the story.

7. The weather seemed very mild to these men who were used to the severe weather of Greenland. So they decided to build houses and remain there for the winter. This gave them a

chance to explore the country. It was during one of these exploring trips that the grapes, from which Leif named the country Vinland, were found.

8. In the spring, the boat was loaded with the wood the men had cut in the forests and they returned to Greenland.

9. This was not the only voyage to Vinland, or America, made by the Northmen. Thorwald borrowed his brother Leif's ship and with another crew of bold seamen came to Vinland and remained for about two years. They explored the country farther south. Then, during an attack by the Indians, Thorwald was killed.

10. A year or two later, the Northmen tried to make a settlement in America. Three or four ships came carrying about two hundred men, women, and children and a number of sheep and cattle. They remained about four years. The history of Iceland tells that a son was born in Vinland to the chief of the Viking settlers. This was the first white child born in America.

11. The Indians came to the settlement with furs which they wished to trade. During one of their visits, they were given milk by the Viking women. Upon tasting it, they wanted to trade their furs for the milk. The Northmen were very willing to do this. After several such visits, the Indians became very unfriendly and a battle was fought.

12. In this battle, the Indians far outnumbered the Northmen. The arrows of the Indians were better weapons than the Northmen's axes. The bold, sea-roving Northmen were not a match for the Indians. When spring returned, the Vikings loaded their ships with lumber and went back to Greenland.

13. There was one more Viking trip to America. But quarrels and fighting arose between the leaders and no good came of it. After that, Vinland saw no more of the daring Northmen.

14. It has been said that this story of the Vikings' coming to America is not true, that they could not have crossed the Atlantic in their small open boats. But in 1892 a Viking ship was built in Norway and, with a brave crew of strong sailors, successfully crossed the ocean to America. So we may believe the story of how the Northmen conquered the Atlantic with their ships that to us look like over-grown, one-sail rowboats.

NORWAY

There's a land where the snow is eternally king,
To whose valleys alone come the joys of the spring,
Where the sea beats a shore rich with love of the past,
But this land to its children is dear to the last.

—*Björnson.*

THE SAILING VESSEL

1. Nearly five hundred years after the Northmen came to America, Columbus made his first trip across the Atlantic. It was much harder for Columbus to conquer the Atlantic than it was for the Vikings.

2. One of the hardest things that he had to do was to make the people believe that the sea held no awful dangers for the sailors who ventured far from land. So little was known about the Atlantic Ocean that it was called the Sea of Darkness. Indeed, to the people of southern Europe, the Atlantic was as unknown as the great land that Columbus later discovered. They had queer ideas about the shape of the world, too. They thought that it was flat and that if they sailed to the edge of the sea they would fall off into space.

3. There were but few people who believed in Columbus' plan that by sailing straight west he would reach the Indies. He had to teach people that the world was round and that his route would lead them to the eastern lands. Until this was done he could not venture out upon the sea. This was very hard for Columbus, for even the wisest men of the time would not believe him.

4. Ships at this time cost much more than did the Viking ships. The latter, you remember, were open, with one sail and many oars. They

cost so little that nearly every Northman could own one. The ships in which Columbus came to America were longer, bigger in every way, and cost so much that only a rich man could buy one. By this time they were different, too. They no longer carried oars or oarsmen but made their way across the sea entirely with the aid of the wind. They were three masted, with sails divided so that they could be more easily handled. Columbus was a very poor man and, without the help of some rich shipowner or a rich country, he could not get ships to carry out his plan. So, before the Atlantic could be conquered by a sailing vessel, he had to make some rich person believe his plan was right and he had to find sailors who did not fear the open sea.

5. For years Columbus tried to get help from the King of Spain. The story about his weary years of waiting to interest these rulers is a story of great determination. Finally, he became so discouraged at the lack of interest and so poor that he decided to leave Spain and offer his plan to the king of France. But Columbus did have a few friends who believed in him. These friends went to the queen and told her that Spain was losing a chance for great riches. So Columbus was called back and promised the money needed for the voyage.

6. It was on the morning of August the third, 1492, that the little fleet of three vessels left the

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THE THREE SHIPS IN WHICH COLUMBUS AND HIS MEN SAILED TO THE NEW WORLD

sea coast town of Palos on the west coast of Spain. Now that Columbus had the money the ships, and the sailors for his adventure, he had but to cross the Atlantic to prove that his ideas were right.

7. But this was a difficult thing, too. The sailors did not believe in their leader, they were afraid of the sea and, more than once, during the voyage, were unwilling to go on. Even the threats of punishment and promises of riches could not have kept them quiet much longer.

8. After ten weeks of sailing through calm seas, land was sighted. Once more, the Atlantic

had been conquered! A path to the great, new land in the west had been made by three small sailing vessels over the sea which no longer held the same fear and danger for the people of Europe. Many, many voyages followed this voyage of Columbus. For more than three hundred years the stout sailing vessels battled with wind and sea as they carried rich cargoes between the old world and the new.

I SAW A SHIP

I saw a ship a-sailing
A-sailing on the sea;
And oh, it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

The four and twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack, Quack!"

—Old Folk Rhyme.

THE STEAMSHIP

1. Traveling the open sea became quite common after the voyages of Columbus. Sailors soon found out that sea-going ships had to be larger and stronger. So, little by little, the small

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A FIVE-MASTED SAILING SHIP

sailing crafts of 1492 became the fine sailing vessels that brought thousands of emigrants to America.

2. It was thought that no finer ships than these could be built until the entire world learned that an American by the name of Robert Fulton had sent a boat up the Hudson River by

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THE CLERMONT, THE STEAMBOAT INVENTED BY ROBERT FULTON

means of a steam engine which he had placed in it. From that time on steamships began to be used on inland lakes and rivers in the United States and in most of the countries of Europe.

3. About twelve years later, engines were placed in the sailing vessel *Savannah* before she sailed across the Atlantic. It took nearly a month to reach England and, during that time, the engines were used for but little more than three days. But even though the steamship's first ocean voyage was not a success, it was the beginning of all the fine liners which today so swiftly and safely cross the Atlantic.

4. In the early steamships, wood was burned in the engines instead of coal or oil. So much

THE LEVIATHAN, A MODERN OCEAN GREYHOUND

wood was needed that after the vessel was filled with enough fuel for the trip there was not much room for the cargo. Sometimes, the wood was used up before the ship landed. Then wind and sails had to be used for the rest of the voyage.

5. The first vessel that steamed all the way across the Atlantic was the *Sirius*. But before she reached New York part of the masts had to be taken down and burned for all the wood had been used. On this trip the sailors became so angry with the captain for using the engine instead of sails that they almost refused to work.

6. Soon after the *Sirius* came the *Great Western* from England. This was the largest

steamship built up to this time. Instead of the ten weeks' voyage of Columbus or the thirty-day voyage of the *Savannah*, this latest steamship crossed the ocean in fifteen days. After this successful voyage we may say that the Atlantic was conquered by the steamship.

7. Little by little, the sailing vessel gave way to the steamship because a steamship never had to lose time waiting for favorable winds and was not driven far off its course during a storm. Merchants who wished their cargoes to arrive at a certain port on time, or travelers who needed to make the crossing as quickly as possible, used the steamship. It was faster than the sailing vessel not because it traveled faster, but because it did not have to depend on the wind.

8. In the years since the crossings of the first steamships, wonderful changes have been made. Coal or oil is used in the engines instead of wood. The engines themselves are smaller but much more powerful. The fastest steamships of today cross the Atlantic in four and a half days. The vessels are larger, safer, and as comfortable as hotels.

A BOAT SONG

Pull, oh pull, my sailor brother,
For the time to row is now;
Spread on sail far out at sea,
Where the wind is blowing free!

THE SUBMARINE

1. The submarine or underwater boat is really a war boat. The story of how the Atlantic was conquered by a boat, which for hours at a time traveled under water, begins with the first submarine which was used during the Revolutionary War.

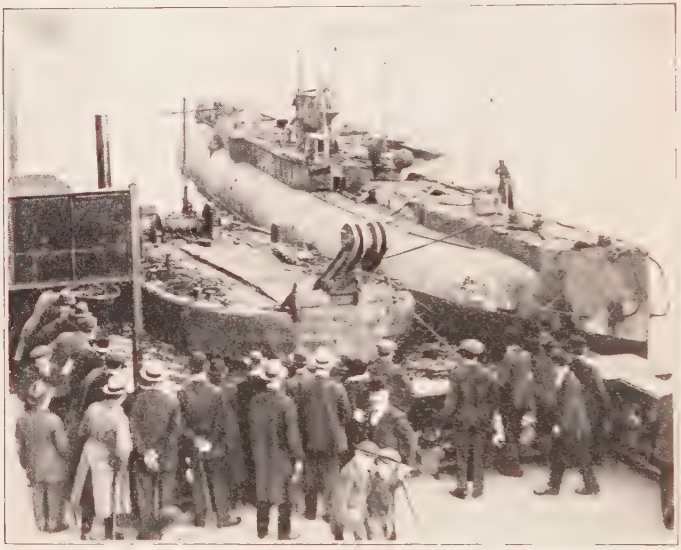
2. The name of this little submarine was the *Turtle*. It could stay under water for half an hour at a time, and it needed only one man for the crew. It had been built to sink English warships that were anchored in New York Harbor, but each time it was tried it was unsuccessful.

3. We then hear of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamship, building submarines in Europe. They were not successful, either, and people were not interested in them.

4. During the War between the States, a Northern warship was sunk by a Southern submarine. The submarine, unable to get away quickly enough, was blown up, too.

5. It was not until a few years before the World War in 1914 that the first really successful submarines were built. These had gasoline motors to be used when the submarines were at the surface of the water and electric motors for use when they were under water. The limited supply of pure air was thus kept more pure for a longer time than if the gasoline motors were used.

6. Many of these submarines were built by Germany during the World War for the purpose of destroying England's fleet of warships. These submarines, however, did not cross the Atlantic. They worked in the waters near England, France, and Italy. They destroyed a large num-



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THE FIRST SUBMARINE TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC

ber of warships, freight ships, and passenger ships.

7. It was not until 1916 that the first submarine crossed the Atlantic, when it was successfully accomplished by the *Deutschland* from Germany. Although it was a submarine, it was not a war boat. It carried no guns. It was a merchant vessel, carrying dyes to the United

States. On her return to Germany she carried a cargo of rubber, nickel, and German mail. Because of the World War, which was then being fought, it was not safe for a German merchant vessel to attempt to cross the Atlantic. For that reason this submarine, larger and with greater speed than any other, was built. The *Deutschland* had no trouble in getting across for as soon as she was within sight of another ship she dropped under water and made her way more slowly but safely across the sea.

8. This merchant submarine made but two trips to the United States. Then the English, with their war boats, blockaded the German ports and the *Deutschland* was unable to get away from Germany.

9. Submarines are only used during time of war and, usually, to destroy other ships. But the crossing of the Atlantic by the *Deutschland* proved that the Atlantic could be conquered by submarines as well as by the old Viking ships, sailing vessels, and steamships.

THE SEA

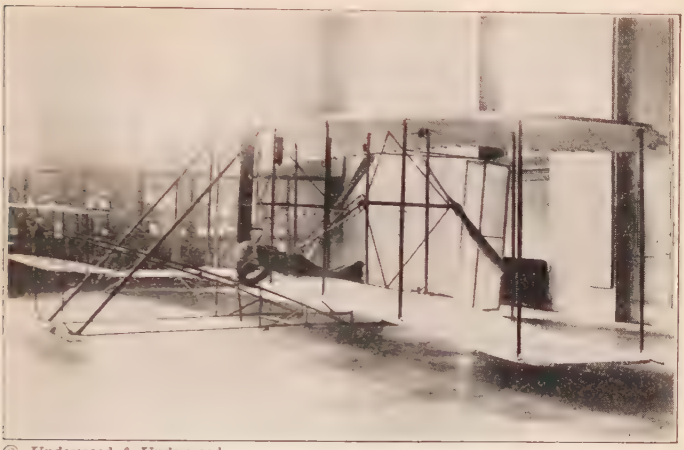
The sea! the sea! the salty sea!
The wide, the deep, the very free!
It has no mark, it has no bound,
It runs the whole big earth around.

—*J. M. J.*

THE AIRPLANE AND AIRSHIP

1. Once upon a time there lived in Greece a very skillful builder. For many years he built fine buildings for the king until the king became angry with him and he, with his little son, were imprisoned on a lonely island. There was no way to escape from the island prison because the king's soldiers watched every ship that left the island. But one day, as the man and his son watched the gulls soar over the sea, the father had an idea. He said to the boy, "No man can stop the flight of the gulls; let us gather many feathers and make wings with which we can escape." So wings were made out of feathers cleverly held together with thread and wax. When they were fastened to their shoulders, father and son flew out over the sea just as did the birds they had watched. But the boy, delighted in this new power, flew higher and higher. Before long, he got so high that the sun melted the wax, the feathers fell from the wings, and the child dropped to the sea below and was drowned.

2. From this old story, we know that for hundreds of years men have wanted to fly. At first they thought this could only be done with wings. But finally, in France, it was discovered that a piece of cloth filled with smoke would rise high in the air and float for a few minutes. At this time, the people believed that it was the smoke



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THE WRIGHT AIRPLANE, THE FIRST AIRPLANE TO MAKE A SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT

that held the balloon in the air. We now know that it was the hot air in the balloon and not the smoke that made it rise and float. After this first experiment, made about one hundred and fifty years ago, balloons became quite common. Instead of hot air, the balloons were later filled with a gas which was lighter than air. But, although balloons could now easily rise and float, they could not be steered. This kept them from being useful for many years.

3. For a long time, people thought that only with the balloon could they travel high above the earth. But other men began to experiment with great box kites and gliders. They learned many things about air and balancing planes. All these ideas were used when the Wright brothers

of Dayton, Ohio, built their first airplane which flew a little more than two city blocks one winter day about thirty years ago.

4. After this flight, many improvements were gradually made on this first airplane. These were made especially in Europe. Finally, by the time of the World War, flying had become so common that airplanes played a very important part in the war. After the war, passenger and mail routes were mapped out in Europe and in America. The airplane was very successful for flying over land the distance of a few hundred miles.

5. Many years before men were trying to build airplanes in the United States, a man in Germany was giving all his time and a great fortune to the building of an airship which would travel successfully. This man was Count Zeppelin. When a young man, he was in the United States at the time of the war between the states. He saw anchored balloons being used to watch the movements of opposing armies. When he saw this, he thought that balloons, if correctly built, would be wonderful war machines. He went back to Germany and spent the rest of his life experimenting and building giant balloons shaped like a cigar. These were the great warships which became known as zeppelins. During the World War, Germany used several of these zeppelins. They became known as the

Ewing Galloway

THE GRAF ZEPPELIN ON ITS ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK AFTER ITS LONG FLIGHT FROM GERMANY

eyes of the German navy because they could see the movements of other ships.

6. Shortly after the World War a giant English airship, somewhat similar to the German zeppelins, crossed the Atlantic from England to the United States for the first time. This trip of the *R-34*, as the airship was called, proved that airships are valuable for the speed and reliability with which they can cover great distances. It took but four and a half days to reach the United States and but little more than three days to return to England.

7. A few years later another giant airship crossed the Atlantic from Germany and was

© *Ewing Galloway*

LINDBERGH'S SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

delivered to the United States by Germany. This was the *Los Angeles.*

8. The next great crossing of the Atlantic by an airship was that of the *Graf Zeppelin* from Germany. This huge monster of the air came calmly sailing over the sea to America carrying passengers and tons of freight. It crossed in less time than it takes a fast train to go from New York to San Francisco. After a few days of rest it sailed over the eastern half of our country. Thousands of people saw this vast creature of the air that so swiftly and successfully crossed the Atlantic. It was proof that again man had conquered not only the sea but the air.

9. But men wanted to cross the Atlantic Ocean in airplanes. To cross such a great stretch of water, stronger, swifter airplanes than had ever been built were needed. So manufacturers went to work on such airplanes. Finally, in 1919, one was built that carried Commodore Read of the United States Navy across the Atlantic to Europe. He stopped on the way at the Azores Islands, a group of islands in mid-Atlantic.

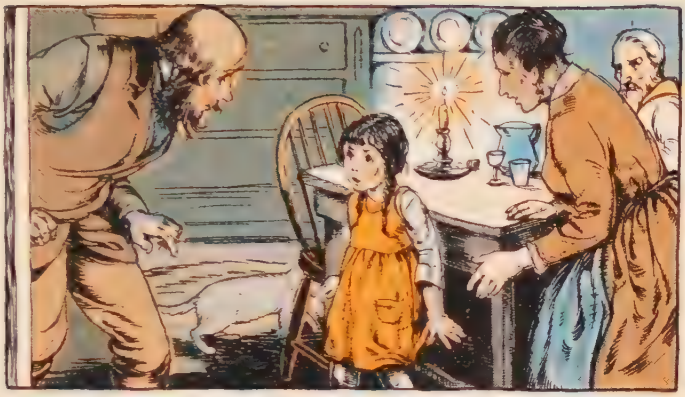
10. A few weeks later, the first non-stop flight from America to Europe was made by Captain Alcock, an Englishman, when he flew from Newfoundland to Ireland.

11. At last the Atlantic had been conquered by the airplane! But still men were not satisfied. They wanted to connect the greatest city in America, New York, with Paris, the greatest city of France. Still better airplanes had to be built for such a test. This called for very skillful builders who were willing to put the best of their time and strength into this great work. It called for pilots who knew the air and who were very sure of themselves and of the airplanes which they guided. The first man to go on this adventure through the air over the wide Atlantic, was Charles Lindbergh; the airplane was the *Spirit of St. Louis*. After months of study and work the airplane was made ready for its pilot. One Friday, in May, 1927, the young man left

New York flying-field. He traveled north along the Atlantic Coast as far as Newfoundland before he struck out over the Atlantic. In less than a day and a half he reached Paris. We know not how many weeks or months it took the Vikings to guide their ships over the Atlantic in that first crossing more than nine hundred years ago. It took Columbus nearly three months and it took the first steamboat fifteen days to conquer the Atlantic. Lindbergh, in the *Spirit of St. Louis*, crossed in exactly thirty-three and one half hours.

"Gentlemen, one hundred thirty-two years ago, Benjamin Franklin was asked: 'What good is your balloon? What will it accomplish?' He replied: 'What good is a new born child?' Less than twenty years ago M. Bleriot flew across the English Channel and was asked: 'What good is your airplane? What will it accomplish?' Today, those people might ask me what good has been my flight from New York to Paris? My answer is that I believe it is the forerunner of a great air service from America to Europe, to bring our people nearer together in understanding and friendship than they have ever been.

—*Charles Lindbergh.*



COSETTE

I. Her Home at the Inn

Poor little Cosette! Was there any reason why the wretched little creature should live? All the hard work of the inn where she lived was hers. The kicks, the blows, the scoldings, too. She knew only too well the reason for this. It had been screamed into her ears at least a thousand times.

She had been left at the inn when a small child while her mother went away to search for work. The mother never returned for Cosette because the poor woman had died. This left Cosette with only the innkeeper and his wife to care for her.

But, for the food and bed they gave Cosette, they were very well paid. Cosette ran upstairs and down, washed, swept, scrubbed, dusted,

fluttered about, painted, moved heavy articles and, small as she was—she was only eight—did very hard work. There was no pity for her. She had a cruel mistress and a hateful master. The inn was like a spider's web in which poor little Cosette had been caught.

On this Christmas Eve that we meet Cosette, she was in her usual place, seated on the cross-bar of the kitchen table, near the great fireplace. Her clothes were tattered and torn. Her bare feet, red from the cold, were in wooden shoes. By the light of the fire, she was knitting warm woolen stockings for the innkeeper's little daughters. A tiny kitten was playing about under the chairs. From the next room came the sound of laughing, chattering children. Eponine and Azelma were having a merry time playing with their doll.

Suddenly, the outside door was pulled open and in came four new guests. As soon as Cosette saw them her thoughts made her quite ill. She knew that the basins and pitchers in the rooms of these guests who had just come must be filled and that there was no more water in the barrel. It was Cosette's task to run to the spring in the woods a mile away to fetch water. But at night! No, no, Cosette was too afraid alone in the black woods—at night. Oh how she wished for morning! She counted the minutes that passed.

From time to time one of the men sitting about the tables in the big room looked into the street and exclaimed, "It's as black as an oven!" or, "One would need to be a cat to go about the street without a lantern in this black night!"

This did not make Cosette any happier.

All at once the door burst open and a pedlar who lived at the inn entered and cried in a loud, rough voice, "My horse has not been watered."

"Yes, it has," said the mistress.

"I tell you it has not," answered the pedlar.

Cosette crept from under the table and said timidly, "Yes, sir! the horse has had a drink; he drank out of a bucket a whole bucketful, and it was I who gave it to him."

But in her fear of having to go to the spring Cosette did not tell the truth. She had not watered the horse.

"Look at this girl as big as my fist who can tell a lie as big as a house," roared the pedlar. "I tell you that he has not been watered, you little good-for-nothing! He has a way of blowing when he has had no water. I know this well."

But Cosette insisted, "He even drank heartily."

"Come," said the pedlar angrily, "this is the end. Water my horse, I tell you!"

Cosette crept under the table again.

Then the mistress said, "That is right if the animal has had no water, it must have some at once." She bent down and saw Cosette hiding under the table. "Are you coming?" cried the innkeeper's wife. At that, Cosette crawled out and said in a frightened voice, "But, please Madame, there is no water."

Then Madame threw open the street door and cried in great anger, "Well go get some, there's plenty in the spring. Never was there such a lazy, bad girl as you."

Cosette hung her head in fear and shame and took the empty bucket which stood in the chimney corner. This bucket was so big that the child could easily have sat in it.

Then the angry mistress handed her a copper penny saying "On your way back, young toad, stop at the baker's and buy a big loaf."

Without saying a word Cosette slipped the money into the pocket of her ragged apron. She stood at the open door, the big bucket in her hand, too much afraid to dare to go out into the dark night.

Just then the loud voice behind her screamed, "Get along with you!"

Cosette went out. The door closed behind her.

—*Adapted from Les Miserables.*

COSETTE

II. TO THE SPRING AT NIGHT

Just across from the inn was a gayly-lighted shop. In the window stood a beautiful, large doll dressed in pink silk. Such a beautiful toy had never before been seen in the village. Every little girl who passed the shop longed for it but there was not a mother who was rich enough to buy the lovely toy.

As Cosette stood on the doorstep she could not help looking at the doll. Never in all her life had she seen so beautiful a plaything. To own it one would have to be a queen or a princess. As she looked at it the little girl thought, "How happy that doll must be!"

But Cosette's glimpse into fairyland was cut short by the screaming voice again, "What, have you not started? Wait, I'll give it to you!"

At that the child ran down the street as fast as she could. The farther she went, however, the blacker the night grew. So long as there were houses or even walls beside her she was not so badly frightened. But when Cosette had passed the last house, she stopped. She set the bucket on the ground and stared in terror into the darkness. Once she decided to go back to the inn. But as she walked slowly back to the village she saw a vision of the mistress. This terrified her more than the dark wood's path. So she turned around and like a wild thing looking neither right nor left she ran the short distance to the spring.

The spring was a shallow basin, paved with a few large stones. Cosette did not take time to breathe, as she bent down and plunged the bucket into the water. As she did this she did not notice that the copper slipped from her pocket into the water. She neither saw it nor heard it fall. She drew out the bucket nearly full, and set it on the grass.

She wanted to start for the village again but she was too tired to take a step. So she dropped down on the grass. As she crouched there she became more afraid than ever at the far-reaching blackness. She began to count, one, two,

three, four and suddenly she had but one thought—to run as fast as she could out of the woods, across the fields to the houses, to the windows, the lighted candles. But she dared not go without the bucket of water. She snatched at the handle with both hands, but she could hardly lift the pail.

She trudged slowly on for a dozen steps, but the bucket was so heavy that she was forced to set it down again. She rested a moment, then went on again, sobbing at the thought that it would take her at least an hour to get to the inn.

All at once she felt that the weight of the heavy bucket was gone. A hand had taken the handle and was carrying the bucket. Cosette looked up shyly. She saw a tall old man walking beside her in the darkness. He had come up behind her very quietly and taken the handle of the bucket. How strange that the little girl was not afraid!

The old man spoke kindly, "My child, this is very heavy for you."

Cosette replied, "Yes, sir."

"Give it to me," said the man; "I will carry it for you."

Cosette let go the handle and walked on beside the man.

Then he said, "It is very heavy. How old are you, little one?"

"Eight, sir."

"And how far must you go with this water?"

"It is nearly a mile from here."

The man said nothing for a moment, then asked, "So you have no mother?"

"I don't know," answered the child. "I don't think so. Other children have mothers, but I have none."

After walking in silence for a few steps the old man asked, "Where do you live, little one?"

"At the inn, if you know where that is."

"Who sent you into the woods at this time of night?"

"My mistress, the landlady. She keeps the inn."

"Well, I am going to stay there tonight. Show me the way."

As Cosette walked along beside the tall stranger a peaceful happiness came to her. She was no longer tired and afraid.

In a few moments the man asked, "Is there no servant at the inn?"

"No, sir."

"Are you the only child there?"

"Yes," answered Cosette, "that is except Ponine and Zelma."

"Who are they?"

"They are the landlady's daughters."

"And what do they do?"

"Oh!" said the child, "they have lovely dolls. They play. They play all day."

"And you? Do you play, too?"

"I? I work. Sometimes when I am finished they let me play with my own playthings."

"With what do you play?"

"I have not many playthings. The little girls do not let me touch their doll. I have a little lead sword."

By this time they had reached the village. Cosette led the stranger through the streets. They passed the bake shop but Cosette did not think of the bread she was told to buy.

As they came near the inn the child said, "Please, sir, may I take my bucket now?"

"Why?" asked the old man, "I shall carry it inside for you."

"No, no," said Cosette, "if madame sees that some one has helped me she will beat me."

So the little girl took the bucket. As she stood on the doorstep she looked across at the lovely doll in the lighted shop window. Then she knocked. The door opened and there stood the mistress.

"Ah! so it's you, good-for-nothing. You've taken your time. Get along in."

"Madame," said Cosette hurriedly, "this is a guest who wishes to stay here tonight."

The landlady in a softer tone said, "Come in, sir."

So the stranger came in and sat at a table while he waited to be taken to his room. Cosette

went to her place under the table and took up her knitting.

All at once the landlady called loudly, "By the way, where's that bread?"

Cosette came quickly from beneath the table. She had forgotten the bread. She was too afraid to say so though. So she said, "The bake shop was closed."

"Then," thundered her mistress, "give me the copper."

Cosette felt in her pocket. The copper was gone. She turned her pocket inside out; there was nothing in it.

"Ah," cried Madame, "you have stolen it." As she said that she reached for the strap which hung in the corner.

Just then the stranger bent over and seemed to pick something up from the floor. "Here, Madame," he said, "here it is. It fell from her pocket just now." And he gave the landlady a silver coin.

"Yes," said Madame, "that is it." But she did not tell the man that it was much more than she had given Cosette. To herself she said, "That is a good bargain."

—*Adapted from Les Miserables.*

A clean mouth and an honest hand
Will take a man through any land.

—*Proverb.*

COSETTE

III. A Doll for Cosette

And now the innkeeper's two little girls came into the room. They were so neat, plump, rosy, and healthy that they were pleasant to look at. They were warmly and prettily dressed. They seated themselves in the chimney corner and began to play with their doll.

Neither Ponine nor Zelma looked at Cosette who had put aside her knitting and was watching them from her place underneath the table as they played. Soon the landlady spied Cosette sitting idle. She screamed, "So that's the way you work, is it?"

At that the stranger turned and said, "Madame, what is the child making?"

"Stockings for my little girls. Soon they will have to go barefoot if that lazy one does not work."

"How soon will Cosette finish them?"

"She still has three days' work on them."

"And how much will the stockings be worth when they are finished?"

The landlady thought for a moment, then snapped, "Thirty cents at least."

"Will you sell them for a dollar?" asked the man.

The innkeeper did not wait for his wife to answer this question. He cried, "A dollar? Yes

indeed. We can never refuse our guests anything."

"I will buy that pair of stockings," replied the old man. And he laid on the table a large round silver dollar.

Then he turned to Cosette. "Your work is mine, child. Now you may play."

Cosette did not know what to make of this. She whispered, "Is it true, Madame? May I play?"

"Yes, play," returned the mistress crossly.

Cosette picked up her little lead sword from behind her. She wrapped it in some rags and rocked this strange doll back and forth on her knees. All at once she turned around and caught sight of the doll which was lying on the floor. The little girls were now playing with the kitten. Cosette crept from under the table, looked about to see if anyone were looking, then snatched the doll. In a moment she was back in her place again.

She played with the doll very happily until one of the little girls saw her. Ponine ran to her mother. She pointed to Cosette.

When the Mistress saw the doll in Cosette's hand she screamed, "Cosette."

The poor child started as though she had been struck. She laid the doll gently on the floor and began to sob. Oh how pitifully she cried!

The traveler stood up and said, "What is the matter?"

"See," cried the angry woman, "that dirty child has dared to touch my little girl's doll."

"Well, what of it?" asked the old man as patiently as he could.

"Her hands and her dress are so dirty."

Then the man went to the street door, opened it, and stepped out.

Soon the door opened again; the stranger came in carrying the wonderful doll from the shop across the street. He set it before Cosette saying, "Here, this is for you."

Cosette did not take the doll. She crept back under the table. She could not believe what her ears told her. She thought she was dreaming. Finally, the innkeeper said, "Cosette, aren't you going to take your doll?"

The child came from under the table and gazed at the doll stupidly. She could not believe her eyes. Then the landlady said, "The

gentleman has given you this doll, Cosette. Take it, it is yours."

"May I, Madame, may I?" asked the child.

"Certainly," cried the woman, "it is yours."

Then Cosette picked up the doll and said, "I shall call her Catherine."

She placed the doll on a chair, then sat on the floor in front of it.

Now the little girls Ponine and Zelma watched Cosette as she had watched them. They wanted this lovely doll as she had wanted theirs. The landlady did not dare show how angry this made her so she sent the three little girls to bed saying to the stranger, "Cosette, poor child, has worked hard today."

Cosette went off to bed carrying Catherine in her arms.

—*Adapted from Les Miserables.*

Pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
Or like the snowflake in the river,
A moment white, then lost forever.

—*Robert Burns.*

Words are things; and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
think. —*Byron.*

COSETTE

IV. COSETTE'S CHRISTMAS DAY

The stranger sat at the table a long time after the children had left the room. Finally, he took up his candle and went to his bedroom. He had to go down a long narrow hallway to reach the stairs. It was very quiet there and he could hear plainly the breathing of a sleeping child. He followed this sound and came to a tiny nook under the stairs. Here among the dust and spider webs was a bed. There were no sheets and the coverlet was dirty and ragged. In this bed Cosette was sleeping.

The little girl was sound asleep. She was fully dressed. Close to her was pressed the doll, whose large, wide-open eyes, glittered in the dark. From time to time she sighed and seemed ready to awake. Near the bed stood one of her little wooden shoes.

The stranger was about to move on to the stairs when he noticed two little shoes standing near the fireplace. Then he remembered that it was Christmas Eve and that on this night children place their shoes near the fireplace to await the gift of the Christmas fairy.

The old man looked into them. Yes, the fairy had been here. A shining silver coin was hidden in each shoe. Just then, in a far corner of the fireplace, he spied another little shoe. It was a

dirty, mud-spattered wooden one. It belonged to Cosette. There was nothing in this wooden shoe. But little Cosette was not to be disappointed in the morning. The traveler would be her Christmas Fairy. He took from his pocket a shining gold piece and placed it in the little wooden shoe. Then he went up the stairs to his room.

Very early the next morning the old man asked the landlady for his bill.

"You are not leaving us already?" she asked.

"Yes, Madame," replied the traveler.

Then he paid the bill and as he was leaving he stopped a moment and asked, "Is your business good, Madame?" She replied, "Oh, sir, times are so hard. We are very poor. We have a hard time. The child is costing us so much."

"What child?"

"Why, the little one, Cosette. I really have nothing to spend on her. I have my own daughters to care for."

"Shall I take her with me?" asked the man.

"Yes," cried the landlady, "take her, take her away and may you be blessed." Then she screamed, "Cosette!"

While the landlady was searching for Cosette the innkeeper himself came to the stranger. He said, "Sir, the child has cost me much money and besides I am fond of her."

"You mean Cosette?" demanded the stranger.

"Yes," the innkeeper went on, "I love that little girl. And you know one does not give his child away."

The stranger now understood what the innkeeper wanted. So he took out an old pocketbook, opened it and drew out three bills. "Now," he said, "bring Cosette."

During all this time Cosette was happier than she had ever been before. When she awoke she ran to get her shoe. In it she found the gold piece. She guessed from where it had come. She hid it in her pocket and, as she swept the stairs, she stopped often and stared at the glittering coin.

It was while she was staring into the depths of her pocket that the mistress called her.

"Cosette," she said, almost gently, "come here at once."

So Cosette went with her to the stranger. The old man now untied his bundle and from it took a new dress, woolen stockings, and shoes. "My child," said he; "take these, and go dress yourself quickly."

The sun was just coming up that Christmas morning when a little girl and an old man trudged along the road to Paris. It was the traveler and Cosette. In her arms the little girl carried a large doll.

Cosette did not say goodbye to anyone at the inn. No one had thought of saying goodbye to her. She did not know where she was going. She did not know this man. But as she looked at him now and then she felt as though she were walking beside an angel.

—*Adapted from Les Miserables.*

HE PRAYETH BEST

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

COSETTE

V. HAPPINESS FOR COSETTE

After the stranger and Cosette had departed, the innkeeper proudly showed his wife the three bills.

"Is that all?" said she.

In that moment the innkeeper understood. He might have obtained much more money if he had been a little more sly. So, without a word, he took his hat and set off at a rapid pace in the direction that the man and Cosette had taken.

Soon he overtook them. He said, "Excuse me, sir, but here is your money."

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the man.

"It means, sir," replied the innkeeper, "that I shall take back Cosette."

Cosette trembled and came close to the stranger who repeated, "Take back Cosette."

"Yes," answered the innkeeper, "her mother gave her to me; now that the mother is dead I can only give the child to the person who shall bring me a letter written by her mother telling me to give over the child."

The man said nothing but took out the old pocketbook and searched for something in it. The innkeeper was delighted for he thought, "Now he shall offer me a much larger sum of money."

But instead of money the stranger handed him a slip of paper which was written to the innkeeper telling him to give the child to this person. It was signed by the child's mother.

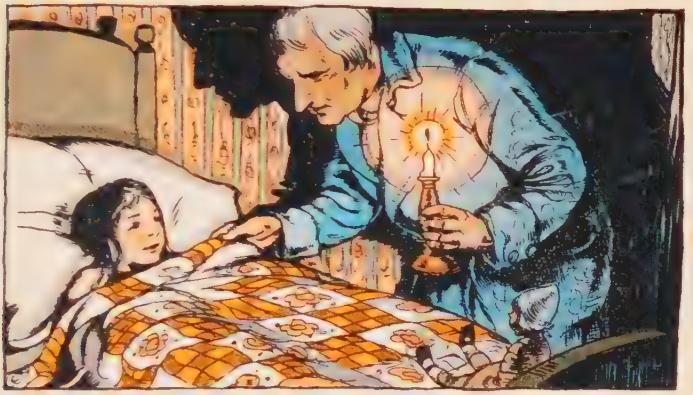
The innkeeper knew that anything further would be useless, so angry and beaten he went back to his inn. The stranger said, "Come, Cosette," and once again started for Paris.

In the middle of the day, they stopped at an inn and bought black bread and cheese. To Cosette this simple food was a grand feast. After the meal they went on to the city.

At night they arrived. By this time Cosette was very tired. Several hours before, the stranger noticed how the child dragged on his hand. So he picked her up and carried her. Now she was fast asleep, her head on his shoulder, in her arms she still held her lovely doll.

When he reached the house in which he lived, the man carried the child up the long stairs to the attic rooms which were to be her home. He laid her gently on a little bed, and, picking up a candle, looked closely at her thin little face. She slept on until it was broad daylight. Then a heavy cart rumbled by on the rough pavement below. Cosette wakened at once, she cried, "Yes, Madame, here I am, here I am."

Then she sprang out of bed and looking about asked, "Where is my broom?"



As she looked wildly about, she saw the traveler smiling at her, "Ah!" she cried joyfully, "it is true, good morning, sir."

She caught sight of the doll, Catherine, at the foot of her bed. As she played she asked a hundred questions. All at once she said, "How pretty it is here!"

Then she asked, "Must I not sweep and scrub?"

"No," answered the man, "play."

In this way the first day passed happily.

As the days came and went Cosette did not trouble herself to understand anything. She was happy with this man whom she soon began to call, "Father."

Each day they walked for an hour or two. Then Cosette had to do her lessons for the father was teaching her to read. Long hours were spent with the beloved Catherine. The little

attic home was still pretty to Cosette for here she was free. At last happiness had come to the child. She now laughed and chattered from daybreak until dark.

—*Adapted from Les Miserables.*

THE VOWELS

We are airy little creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in *glass* is set,
One of us you'll find in *jet.*
T'other you may see in *tin,*
And the fourth a *box* within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from *you.*

—*Jonathan Swift.*

BURMA

Far away, on the other side of the world, is the country of Burma. Perhaps you have never heard of this far-away place nor of the Burmese, the people who live there. So I shall tell you the countries that you do know, which are near Burma. On one side of Burma is China and on the other side is India, the country for which Columbus was looking when he discovered America.

The Burmese are short and heavily-built people. Their faces are flat like those of the Chinese to whom they are distantly related. From the gay clothing worn by both men and women we know that they like pretty clothes. The women are bright and attractive.

It has been said that the people of Burma are the happiest people in the world. One reason for this is that with little work, two and sometimes three crops of rice can be raised in one season. Another reason for this happiness is that they are taught to love and be kind toward each other.

As we travel about this country, we are surprised to find the work in the factories, mills, and shops being done by Chinese, and by natives from India. The Burmese do not like hard work. They are content to care for their

vegetable gardens and to raise rice which they do very well. They need very little money so it is not necessary for them to do much work.

The Burmese are the farmers of this country. Their product is rice. Almost all of Burma is a great rice field. The people eat rice for every meal. In some parts of the country even the animals are fed rice. It is very easy for them to raise it, too. During the wet season, which corresponds to our winter, the rivers overflow their banks. Following the floods, the land is covered with a deep, rich layer of mud. The summers are very hot. Because of the heat and fertile soil very large crops are raised. When the rice has been cut, it is put together in heaps and water buffalo are driven back and forth through it to trample out the grain. This is how all their threshing is done.

A great deal of this rice is sold to other countries. Before it is shipped away, however, it must be polished as the people of other countries like it, smooth and white. The polishing of the rice is done in the many great mills which have been built there by the English and by the French.

After the Burmese have gathered in the season's crop of rice they love to have a good time. Their favorite entertainments are found in all parts of Burma. They are called *pwes*. There are three kinds of pwes. In one there is acting,

© *Ewing Galloway*

A PRIMITIVE WAY OF THRESHING RICE IN BURMA WITH THE HELP OF WATER BUFFALOES

singing, clowning, and dancing. Another is much like the first but the characters are wooden dolls, called marionettes. The third has great groups of fine dancers. The pwe is given out-of-doors and usually lasts from eight o'clock in the evening until sunrise. Anyone who grows sleepy while watching the performance curls himself up on his mat and goes to sleep. The people do not have to pay to see these entertainments. They are given by one person for the amusement of all who wish to come to them.

This rich country produces very valuable woods. In the thick forests are found the teak-

wood trees from which are made expensive furniture and carvings. The teakwood is so very heavy that elephants are used to lift the great logs. These intelligent animals learn to pile up the logs and carry them from place to place. The work of many men is easily done by one elephant. Besides rice and lumber, Burma is very rich in minerals such as gold, silver, coal, rubies, and sapphires. The finest rubies in the world are those that come from Burma.

"By and by" is a very bad boy;
Shun him at once and forever;
For they who travel with "By and by"
Soon come to the house of Never.

—*Selected.*

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket soon would be empty
Without the drops in the well.

—*Selected.*

REINDEER LAND

The land of the Lapps might well be called Reindeer Land. It is in this cold, dark, dreary land that the Lapps herd reindeer as we do cattle, sheep, or hogs. To reach Lapland, we must cross the broad Atlantic Ocean, follow the coast of Norway to its most northern part, and there cross high, ice-covered, snow-capped mountains.

Then, when we have reached the Arctic region, the land of the midnight sun and northern lights, we are in Lapland. So unpleasant is this northern land that we do not wish to stay long. In winter, there are weeks when the sun never shines and day is dark as night. The ground is covered with ice and snow for many months. Summer time is not much more pleasant except that the days are long. For a month or two the sun shines both day and night. The ground thaws for a few feet leaving the surface a wet, swampy waste. Then come the millions of mosquitoes that make life in this region almost unbearable.

Do you wonder what kind of people these Lapps are? How are they able to exist in this barren land? A visit to a Lapp village will tell you. Their homes are tents covered with reindeer skin or pieces of sod. They are built in the shape of an Indian wigwam or tepee. The

largest is scarcely more than eight feet across. In the middle of this tent or hut is the fireplace upon which the Lapps cook. It is built of two rows of stones with the fire laid between them. A hole in the roof allows some of the smoke to escape. But even then the dingy home is so filled with smoke it makes us choke and cough. The floor is covered with boards over which is spread dried grass and fur rugs for beds. Blankets and clothing are made of either reindeer skin or bear skin.

This tiny home is so low that no one but a Laplander can stand up straight in it or enter the low doorway without bending over.

This shows you that the Lapps are not nearly as tall as we are. The tallest of these dwarfed people are not more than five feet high and many are not more than three and a half feet. Because they sit cramped in sledges so much of the time they are very bow-legged. Their faces add still more to their homely appearance. They have brownish-yellow skin, bleary blue eyes, high cheek bones, broad flat noses, no eyebrows, and long, greasy, dark-brown hair, which hangs in two thin braids down their backs. The most lovely thing about these Lapps is their hands. They are small, with beautiful, slender fingers. There seems to be a lack of soap and water, for their faces and clothing are usually covered with smoke and dirt.

It does not take long to find out many interesting things about these people. We can tell that they love jewelry for their hands and arms are covered with gaudy rings and bracelets. Even the brown, wrinkled necks of the old

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A LAPP FAMILY

women, who remind us of witches, are covered with necklaces. The Lapp women are always much interested in the clothing of women tourists who visit their villages. A gift of a bright ribbon or bit of finery makes them very happy. They are willing to talk to their guests, tell them about their way of living and even invite them to a meal. This usually consists of boiled rein-

deer meat, cheese and milk of the reindeer. Reindeer milk is so rich that one who is not used to it is sure to become sick after drinking it.

Although the Laplanders are Christians and attend church whenever they are in a large village, they hold sacred the great bear of the Northland. They will never kill one while it is sleeping but believe that they should give it a fair chance in the fight. They believe in witches, in gnomes, and in fairies, too.

Most of them can read and write at least a little. The government of Norway, to which country they belong, demands that they have a certain amount of education. After learning this, the visitor is surprised that the Lapp is willing to live in such an uncomfortable way. But they seem to be very contented in their dirty hovels.

On snowshoes the Lapps are very swift runners. Often, during the long winter days, they harness themselves to swift reindeer and travel for many miles. So rapidly can the Lapp run that he is able to follow and hunt down wolves that attack the reindeer herds.

And how do the Lapps make a living in this snow-covered winter land? There is no chance for them to raise crops for the summers are so short that the ground thaws but a few feet. A few Lapps live on the sea coast and, like the Eskimo, depend on fish for a living. The greater

number, however, live inland and during the long winter, trap and kill fur-bearing animals. The pelts are made into clothing or taken to Norwegian towns and exchanged for woolen clothes or cloth. But the main work of the Lapp is herding reindeer. Upon this animal the Lapp depends for food and clothing. In the center of each village is a great fenced-in place. Here the reindeer are kept at night. One of the men is on guard to protect the herd from wolves. The reindeer feed upon the moss which covers this northland. During the winter, when the snow is very deep, the deer uncover the pasture with their hoofs. These pastures of moss grow very slowly. So, as soon as the reindeer have cropped them closely, the Lapp must move to a fresh feeding ground. It is because he must move so often that he uses a tent for a home. When ready to move, the women load great wooden sledges with tents, poles, dishes, and bedding. The reindeer are harnessed to them and the wandering Laplander moves on, to find a new place to live.

IF I WERE

If I were a cobbler, it should be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.

—*Unknown.*

INDIANS OF THE AMAZON

In the northern part of South America is a great river called the Amazon. In the thick, damp forests which surround the Amazon river lives a very interesting tribe of Indians. Because this country in which they live is so different from North America these Indians are very different, too. This part of South America is in the hottest part of the world. Every day there is a heavy shower of rain around noon. Sometimes the shower lasts only an hour, at other times it lasts for many hours.

Since the weather is so hot and wet, the Amazon Indians live in the way which will make them most comfortable. Their homes are great, round houses made of dried palm leaves, grass, and vines. The roofs are very thick and slope sharply almost to the ground. They are built like this to keep out the heavy rains. There are no windows and only one door in the low-thatched walls.

Inside we find one large room. Around the sides of the room five or six fires are burning. We wonder why there are so many fires and why they are kept burning when this land is so very hot. We are told that five or six families live together in the great house. Each family has its own fire and cooking dishes. At night hammocks, which are used instead of beds, are hung close to the fires.

Even though the weather in this region is very hot the fire must be kept burning all the time. In this hot land, the people have neither ice boxes nor cellars in which to keep food from spoiling until used. So all left-overs are put into a

AN AMAZON INDIAN MAKING A CLAY BOWL AT THE ENTRANCE TO HIS PALM LEAF HOME

large earthenware pot which boils slowly over the fire, night and day. All sorts of foods go into the pot, meat, fish, fruits, leaves, and roots. The stew is flavored with peppers, from which comes its name, pepper-pot. Small Indian boys and girls like the pepper-pot just as well as you like the cooky jar and jam pot in mother's pantry.

Are the summers where you live sometimes hot and damp? If they are you must have noticed that there are many more mosquitoes and other insects during such weather than when it is cool and dry. Did you ever keep these annoying pests away during the summer evenings by building a fire? The smoke drives the insects away and you can tell your stories and watch the stars without being bitten and stung. The fires in the homes of the Amazon Indians do the same thing for them. There are so many biting and stinging insects in this hot, damp country that without the smoky fires these people could scarcely live.

Perhaps it is hard for you to believe that the nights in this land are quite cool. At least they seem cool to these people who are used to such hot days. So again the fire is very necessary. It keeps them warm while they sleep for they have no blankets with which to cover themselves.

Food at times is very scarce here because it is hard to keep the garden free from weeds and because the forests are so thick that it is hard to hunt in them. New garden patches must be made every few years. At this time the people usually move to a new location and build a new house for no doubt the roof of the old one leaks and the foundation posts are eaten by ants.

The great trees must be killed and the vines cleared away. Then roots, from which a kind

of bread is made, corn, pineapples, bananas, and sweet potatoes are planted.

The men clear the ground but the women plant the garden and chop out the weeds.

While the women take care of the garden the men go into the forest to hunt birds or monkeys for meat. They also gather Brazil nuts. These grow on tall forest trees in hard shells that look like big cocoanuts. There are from eighteen to twenty-four seeds or nuts in one shell. When they are ripe the hard shells come crashing down from the tall trees with a noise like thunder and the swiftness of cannon balls. It is dangerous indeed, to walk near the Brazil nut trees at this time. The Indians take the nuts to a trader who gives cloth, beads, and knives for them.

A few of the Amazon Indians work for white men gathering rubber from the wild rubber trees that grow along the Amazon river. Gathering rubber is dangerous and lonely work. It is dangerous because of the wild animals with which the forests are filled. It is lonely because one Indian gathers the rubber from a number of trees alone. Every day he must visit these trees. Often, he works far from his home. These people are not used to the ways of white men and do not enjoy working for them. For this reason we find most of them living in their great thatched houses and getting their food by hunting in the forest, and from their gardens.

PINEAPPLE FIELDS

Far across the blue Pacific, on a beautiful little island, lives Telei. He is a little Hawaiian boy. His face is brown. His eyes are brown, too, and they dance with fun. His hair is shining black. But, though he lives so far away, he does many of the things boys in America do.

In this land where the weather is always warm, many delicious fruits grow. On his way to the little American school, Telei passes fields of pineapples and a large canning factory.

Sometimes he stops and watches the native men and boys set out the small plants or suckers which have grown at the bottom of old plants. This isn't done very often for a pineapple field lasts eight or ten years. When the men gather the prickly fruit, they wear thick gloves and leather trousers or wrap strips of matting around their legs. Then with a sharp hooked knife they cut the pineapples and put them into the gunny-sack slung around their shoulders.

The pineapple fields are the most interesting of all Hawaiian crops to Telei because he knows that it gives his people work and the chance to earn a living.

It is easy to get food in Hawaii. If any one wants bananas, he need only go to the woods where they grow wild. Cocoanuts grow on tall, beautiful palms all about the village. Telei

loves cocoanut milk which he drinks with as much delight as American children do lemonade.

As this island is so small, the people live very near the sea. Telei thinks this is a fine place to live. What fun he has swimming! And how

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WORKERS IN A HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE FIELD

many hours he spends in the water! He can swim as well as he can walk and he and his little friends play many games in the water.

Besides giving the people of the islands a place to play, the sea gives them a living. These waters are full of fish which the island folk catch. Some they use for food, others they sell. Telei loves to go to the sea with the fishermen and he likes to help to pull in the nets heavy with squirming fish.

During the rainy winter season Telei goes to school. Here, taught by teachers who have

come from America, he is learning to speak English. He learns many things besides English. Sometimes his arithmetic seems difficult but the music which he learns in school and at home makes him very happy. Many of his reading books are the same as those you use. In the wood-working classes he learns to use tools and to make furniture as do boys in the United States. The American teachers have also taught him how to raise fine fruits and vegetables in his tiny garden.

With his school work and his play Telei is kept a busy and happy boy who is someday going to be a very useful man on this little island in the Pacific.

HOMES

Igloos for the Eskimos
For the papoose, a tepee
Cabins for the woodfolk,
And boat homes we may see,
Tents for desert children,
And a house for you and me.

No matter what or where the home,
'Tis filled with happy hearts,
When every one within it
Just does his helpful part.

—*H. R. D.*

ON THE GRAND CANAL IN CHINA

We think of Holland as a land of windmills, dikes, and many, many canals. But do you know that China is a land of canals, too? Many of the great cities not connected by rivers are joined by canals.

The busiest and most important of these is the Grand Canal. It begins at Shanghai on the sea coast and winds for hundreds of miles through crowded and interesting scenes to Pekin. It is upon this canal that there are seen some of the queerest sights in all China. Here are found the beautiful houseboats of the rich and the tiny sampans of the poor. These are the only homes thousands of Chinese have.

Would you care to take a trip on one of these floating palaces of the rich? You will find beautiful cabins, dining rooms, bathrooms, kitchens, and servants' quarters. Such a houseboat with its crew of servants can be rented for from five to ten dollars a day.

In the cabin of the houseboat on which we shall travel we find comfortable lounges, chairs, and tables. The walls are covered with mirrors and beautifully-embroidered panels. The dining room has the furniture to which we are accustomed, a table, chairs, and a sideboard.

We learn at our first meal on board that we have an excellent cook. He can give us the

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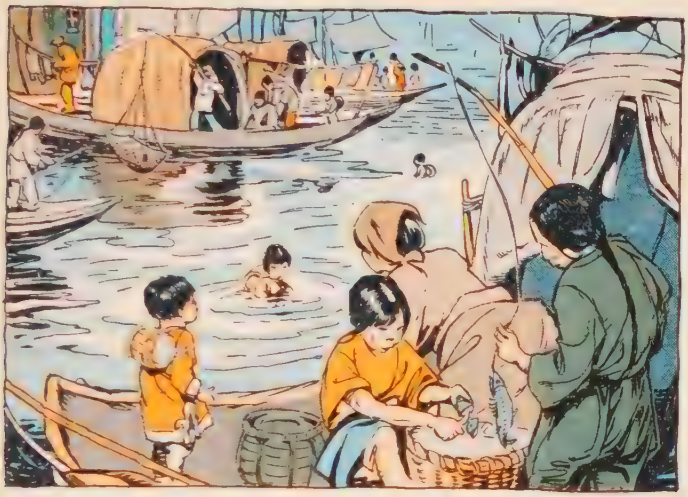
CHINESE FISHERMEN WITH THEIR CORMORANT HELPERS

food we are used to having as well as new dishes.

After looking at the inside of this lovely boat that is to be our home for a week, we go out on deck. We feel as though we were in fairyland as we rest in the comfortable wicker chairs. A handsome awning overhead protects us from the hot sun. As we sit in the wicker chairs, we can see real canal life. Crowded closely together are many sampans, the houseboats of the poor. Some are no larger than an ordinary rowboat. On many of the sampans, which are their only homes, live six or seven people. They are forced to live this way on the rivers and canals, because China has so many people living near the canals and rivers.



On one sampan, nearby, the Chinese mother is cooking. She has an earthenware pot in which rice boils. The charcoal fire burns in another earthen pot. Soon, the entire family is eating the rice, using chopsticks instead of knives and forks.

We are interested in the fishermen whom we pass. They have with them in their boats several large birds, called cormorants. Around the neck of each cormorant is a metal band. Suddenly, one of the birds sees a fish. He darts down and catches it in his strong bill. Does he eat it? No indeed! The metal band around his neck keeps him from swallowing the fish. The cormorant comes back to the sampan; the fisherman takes the fish from the bird's mouth

and puts it into the basket at his side. You can't help thinking that Chinese fishermen have an easy time with the cormorants to do their work.

Another thing that interests us are the duck pens on the sampans. Early in the morning we see the tiny houseboats being poled into the swamps at the edges of the canal. A plank is pushed up to the pen which is then opened. The ducks know what to do. They hurry into the swamp for food. When the Chinese wish to move on, they call their ducks and they come waddling up the planks.

On many of the sampans we see gardens. Flowers and vegetables are grown as they are grown in our backyards. Many of the finer houseboats are beautifully decorated with vines and boxes of gorgeous flowers.

We think we have surely seen all the strange things that are on the Grand Canal when we notice something queer about the tiny children in the nearby sampans. What are those funny round humps on their backs? As we look more closely, we find that they are tiny barrels. See! that tiny child has just fallen into the muddy canal. But he is floating very nicely. It is the barrel that is keeping him afloat. This surely is a strange life saver.

How many, many odd things we have seen! We have learned that Chinese on the Grand Canal live very differently from the way we live.

TOYLAND

Toys have been the delight of children from the time when tree-dwelling babies amused themselves with a bit of bark or with a twig.

Grandma will no doubt tell you that she played with a corn-cob doll. She may also tell you that the pupils in her make-believe school were made of clothes pins. Perhaps, if she were a very fortunate little girl, she owned a china doll with painted hair and sawdust-stuffed body. Sometimes dolls were made at home from cloth. The face was painted on with water colors. The little girl who owned such a rag baby had to be careful not to leave it out in the rain.

Grandpa's toys were home-made too. They were a top, whittled from a piece of soft wood, a string ball, a willow whistle, or a kite made of newspaper. But even though these toys were not very pretty the children of long ago loved them very much.

Mother and father did not have home-made toys. When they were children the big American toy merchants went each year to the lovely old town of Nuremburg in Germany. Here in the funny little shops, which were homes too, they found whole families at work on the toys that would be gifts for children in all parts of the world.

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MAKING TOYS IN NUREMBERG

In one house dolls were made. The mother made the beautifully-curled wig, the father made the china head, the oldest daughter made the bodies, while the smaller children sewed on legs and arms and fastened in the eyes. Each one had his particular task, and fingers were made nimble by doing the same thing day after day and year after year.

So the merchants would travel from house to house in Toyland, as Nuremburg might be called, until they had bought the best these careful people could make. Then they went into Switzerland. There they found quaint toys made of wood which the Swiss people had carved during the long, cold winter months.

Some time before Santa Claus' yearly visit, the fine stores throughout the United States were gay with the toys made in these far-away places. There were dolls with real curls, doll beds, and carriages. Jolly Jack-in-the-boxes jumped from their hiding places to scare little boys. Gay Jumping-Jacks, wooden animals, and tin soldiers traveled all the way from Nuremburg and Switzerland to make the American children happy.

Mother and father thought that finer toys than theirs could never be made. But when we visit the toy shops of today we know that our toys are much more wonderful. We can play with walking and talking dolls. We can run our electric trains over bridges and through tunnels. By turning a tiny key, our toy boats travel long distances. Our airplanes are models of the ones that travel over land and sea. The animals in the tiny barn have the coats of real animals. Our doll houses are imitations of the houses in which we live.

Who make these toys that are so beautiful and real? Toy making has now become an important industry in the United States. Toys are made not only for American children, but for boys and girls in other countries as well. So wonderful are these American toys of today that children all over the world are delighted with the ones marked, "Made in U. S. A."

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

More than a hundred years ago, Florence Nightingale was a little girl in England. At the edge of a wood near her home lived a shepherd and his big shepherd dog, a fine intelligent animal. One day the shepherd was out watching his sheep without the dog. He told the little girl when she inquired about the dog, that his leg was very badly hurt—so badly hurt indeed that he feared the dog would die.

"Oh, that must not happen!" cried little Miss Florence. "I must go to see the dog, maybe I can help him."

So she went to the cottage and found the dog in great pain. The leg was dreadfully swollen and it hurt very much when she touched it; but the dog knew she meant to be kind, and though he moaned with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him. With hot water she washed the leg and then, with strips from an old petticoat, carefully bound and bandaged it. The dog was grateful and wagged his stub of a tail in thanks. In a few days he was able to be out watching his sheep again. This was the first nursing that Florence Nightingale did.

When she grew up, instead of living pleasantly and comfortably with her English friends, she

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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

went to Germany and France. Here she learned nursing in the convent hospitals.

When she returned to England she worked in the hospitals, always trying to make them

better. She became so well known in this fine work that soon the English government asked her to help them care for the soldiers who had been wounded in fighting against Russia.

Within a few days Miss Nightingale had a ship, supplies, and nearly forty nurses on the way to the scene of war. They reached the battle-ground just after a terrible battle. The wounded lay crowded in hot, dirty barracks. Many of the soldiers were suffering from fever because they did not have the right kind of care. But soon after the coming of the English nurse and her helpers, the hospitals became orderly and clean. The wounded were cared for so well that only one soldier died where before twenty had died.

Every evening, no matter how tired or ill she was, Florence Nightingale herself went into every ward to see that all was in order for the night. Her cheer-words often eased the pain of the sufferers and made the work lighter for the nurses on duty. While attending to these duties night after night, she always carried a lamp. Because of this she is often called, "The Lady with the Lamp."

Her wonderful work in the army hospitals endeared her to the English people. When she returned to England, she was given $250,000 as a reward. She used this money to build the Nightingale School of Nurses in London. Queen Victoria, who was then Queen of England, sent

for her and gave her a valuable jewel bearing the words, "Blessed are the merciful."

While she was working among the soldiers she became very ill with fever. This illness left her an invalid for the rest of her life. But she was very useful nevertheless. She worked steadily for better-trained nurses. We look upon Florence Nightingale as the one who has given nursing the high place it now holds. Because of her, hospitals were made much better and nurses were given good training.

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others, cannot keep it from themselves.

—J. M. Barrie.

Keep your face always towards the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.

—M. B. Whitman.

Wherever we go there's work to be done;
Then do it and never say die!
There isn't a trouble beneath the sun,
That's worth a whine or a sigh.
So never you fret when things go wrong,
For it's useless to complain;
Just set your teeth and hammer along
Till all comes right again.

Selected.

OPEN WINDOWS

About thirty years ago Jack Holt, a young country boy, entered the schools of a certain small city. As cold weather came, Jack noticed that the windows in the class rooms were partly open all day. Jack wondered if it were not quite foolish to heat the cold air that came into the rooms through the open windows. So one day he asked an elderly teacher, who was his friend, about this strange new idea of open windows in winter.

Jack learned many things he had never heard before about the body needing fresh air at night as well as by day. He also learned that windows should be opened in churches and in all public buildings where there are many people. He was especially interested in the idea of having fresh air in a sleeping room for he was a bright boy and could easily understand the body's need of pure air. So that night when he went home Jack told his father about the new fresh air ideas. He said that he intended to start that very night and have his windows open while he slept. But his father thought it was all nonsense and made fun of "such foolish carrying on." Every night, when Jack was asleep, his father closed the lad's window. When Jack pointed out the importance of fresh air, his father became very angry and said he would not "heat up all outdoors."

That was thirty years ago. Jack's father has since learned that he was wrong and that his boy was right. Both have the windows in their sleeping rooms open every night now for they know the value of fresh air at night as well as during the day.

Fresh air is so cheap. It is one of the few things in this world that any one may have for the taking. Without it, people grow weak and sickly. But even though it can be had by the poorest as well as by the richest, many people even today seem to be quite afraid of it.

Fresh air is very necessary in schoolrooms, churches, theatres, and in every place where people are crowded together. Did you ever get sleepy in school? If you have, no doubt the reason was because the air was not pure or fresh enough. Often, at concerts or at lectures, many people become uncomfortably sleepy because of this lack of fresh air.

Public buildings today are built so that fresh air is fanned into every room with large electric fans. In such places we are sure to have pure air at all times. But, in old buildings, we must open windows to get fresh air and unless we are very careful there may be drafts. If window boards and screens are used we can have pure air even in the oldest buildings without unpleasant drafts.

Many schoolrooms are overheated. The schoolroom thermometer should not be higher

than seventy degrees. If the air is pure at this temperature, it is sure to be a fine place for children to study.

If fresh air is so necessary in the daytime it is just as necessary at night when the body is resting and repairing the strength lost during the day. In the summer time all windows in the bedroom should be wide open. If it is possible, one should sleep on a screened porch out in the open air. This will give you the health that campers get from their out-of-door living.

It is very easy to open windows in the summer when it is hot and every little breeze is welcome. It is in the winter time that bedroom windows are too often closed. The first frosty night in autumn means closed windows and many tired children in school the next day. People are often unable to sleep because the air in their bedrooms is not pure. When you are sick you need more fresh air than ever. Instead of the wide open windows of summer time, cloth screens can be used. These will allow plenty of fresh air and still take away the danger of drafts. The ones who have plenty of fresh air in winter will keep their rosy cheeks of summer time and be much less apt to have coughs and colds. They will be wide awake in school and ready for play when school is out.

MEDICINE FROM FISH

One winter Bill Bergen caught a very bad cold. It took him a long, long time to get well. He looked so pale and weak, even after he was able to go to school, that mother said, "Bill, I think you should take some cod liver oil."

That was all mother had a chance to say for Bill began to cry and scream, "I'll not, I'll not take the old stuff."

Just then Grandma Bergen came in and wondered what the noise was about. When she learned that it was over Bill's cod liver oil she said, "Well, Billy, it's good for you, it will make you strong, but it is hard to take and there's no use saying it isn't. Now, sonny, you just take this spoonful and Grandma will tell you about making cod liver oil in far-away Norway."

Bill loved his grandmother's stories about her life when a girl in Norway so he bravely swallowed the spoonful of oil his mother gave him. Then he quickly demanded his story. So Grandmother began.

"Just off the coast of Norway is a group of islands, called the Lofoten Islands. That was where I lived until I was fifteen years old. Most of the cod liver oil comes from the Lofoten Islands where the cod fishing is particularly good."

"Is it really made from the livers of codfish, grandmother?" asked Bill.

"To be sure," answered Grandmother, "and a finer medicine cannot be found. In fact, it is now called a food. It not only makes you strong but it will also fatten you quicker than any other kind of oil."

"They must catch a lot of fish in Norway to make all that oil," said Billy.

"Yes, they do," Grandma continued, "from October until April every man in the fishing villages is out with his nets and boat. It is often very dangerous because at that time of the year fierce storms sweep down from the north."

"Why do they fish then?" asked Bill. "I should think they would wait until it wasn't so stormy."

"If the fishermen waited for good weather," laughed Grandma, "they wouldn't get any fish for then the fish would all be farther out in the

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A COD FISHING FLEET IN NORWAY

ocean. You see, sonny, from October to April, the codfish come into shallower water to lay their eggs. So the fishermen must work during the stormy winter months."

"What do they do with the fish, Grandmother?" Bill asked.

Then Grandma told how the codfish are cleaned and salted and dried. This drying of codfish is done in every part of the world where codfish are caught even though the livers are not used for oil. "Often," Grandmother said, "the women and children help, for during the drying every fish must be turned every day.

"When I was a girl the livers were thrown into large barrels. After they had been in the barrels about four months, there would be a large quantity of yellow oil at the top. This was the best grade of oil and we carefully drew it off. Then the livers were cooked several times to get from them all the rest of the oil. This oil was dark and of a much lower and cheaper grade. It was harder to take, too.

"When I last visited Norway, two years ago, I saw cod liver oil made much differently. Instead of bringing them to shore, the livers were placed in thin iron kettles and heated on board the vessels as soon as they were taken from the fish. They are heated a very short time and in airtight kettles. By making the oil this way it is much less disagreeable to take."

"It's funny that oil from fish livers should be good for people, isn't it?" said Bill.

"Yes," answered Grandma, "just yesterday I was reading that it will help children to grow just as the sunshine does. In the winter time when it is too cold for babies to be outside or when the sun shines but little, mothers feed them cod liver oil. It keeps them from taking cold and makes them grow just as it will do for you, Billy, if you take it every day."

"But, Grandma, it tastes so bad," complained Bill.

"Come to think of it," said Grandma, "the paper I read said that you can buy cod liver oil in little pills now and several pills a day does the same good that the oil does."

"Well," cried Bill, "mother will have to get some of those cod liver oil pills. Then I'll soon be able to play in the snow and go skating again."

Grandma was already putting on her coat as she said, "I'll get them right now, Bill boy. In just a few minutes I'll be back with them."

So Grandma Bergen hurried to the drugstore to buy the cod liver oil pills that would make Bill strong and well again.

Milk that's pure and sweet you know
Makes the lads and lassies grow.

Selected.

The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merry Man.

—*Swift.*

Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

—*Proverb.*

A MAD DOG'S BITE

One day Billy Porter was going to the store for his mother. Suddenly, from a nearby alley rushed a great, snarling dog. With one leap the dog was upon poor Billy and his great teeth ripped and tore the soft flesh of the little boy's shoulder.

Billy's screams brought the people from all the stores on the street. They rushed him to Doctor Smith. There the wounds were dressed and Billy was given the Pasteur treatment. The doctor did this so that Billy wouldn't get *hydrophobia*, the disease that the mad dog had.

Every day for several weeks Billy had to go to Doctor Smith's office for this treatment. During this time, he became very much interested in knowing more about the man, Louis Pasteur, who discovered the way to prevent hydrophobia. So one day when Doctor Smith was not very busy he told Billy about this wonderful Frenchman.

Billy learned that when Louis Pasteur was a little boy he was very much like many other boys. He played and drew pictures in school instead of studying his lessons. This made his father very sad for he wanted his boy to have an education. The elder Pasteur had to work hard every day tanning ill-smelling hides into leather. He did not want his Louis to have to do such work when he grew up.

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Louis Pasteur at Work in His Laboratory

Before long, Louis began to understand how sad and unhappy he was making his parents. It was about this time that he became more interested in his school work. He put away his playthings and began to work in earnest.

Soon, his teachers said Louis would some day be a great scholar. He could think so clearly. They urged that he should be sent to the University.

So, in a few years, Louis Pasteur entered a great University in France. Here he studied chemistry. He worked with a famous druggist, too. He experimented and discovered new things.

It must have been that Pasteur remembered the awful cries of people bitten by wolves in the little village where he lived when a boy. Once, he remembered seeing a man bitten by a mad dog. To prevent hydrophobia, the blacksmith had put a red hot iron on the wound to sear it. He never forgot the pain that man suffered. It was these memories no doubt that made him try to find a cure for this dreadful disease.

For three years Pasteur and his faithful helpers worked. It was very dangerous work because, often, they needed to be very near mad dogs. A bite from one meant death. So many times their most careful experiments failed that the helpers were ready to give up. But, at last, they found that they could cure an animal that had been bitten by a mad dog. To do this they vaccinated a dog with old, weak hydrophobia germs. The cure proved as successful on rabbits and mice as on this dog.

As yet it had not been tried on people. But soon a mother came hurrying to Pasteur with her small son who had been terribly bitten. Pasteur was half afraid to try his cure but he knew that this was the only chance of saving

the boy. So he vaccinated him every day for two weeks. The boy showed no sign of hydrophobia, and soon went back to his home.

Then from all over the world came praises for the elderly Frenchman. Money to build a great laboratory where he could go on with this great work came pouring in to him from every country in the world.

But this was Pasteur's last work. He was old. After a very busy, tireless life he wanted the rest he so much deserved.

Billy had listened almost breathlessly to the story of this great work. When it seemed finished he asked, "Did Pasteur ever discover any other cures, doctor?"

"Oh, yes," answered Doctor Smith, "when he was still a young man he got rid of a disease that was gradually wiping out the whole silk worm industry in France. If he had not been able to do this, France would have lost one of her greatest industries, the making of silk cloth. Later he taught people that germs in milk could be destroyed by heating and quickly cooling it. Surely you have heard of pasteurized milk, haven't you Billy?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," said Billy, "I can see how the name has come from Pasteur, too."

So Billy learned that the work of the famous Frenchman is still keeping people alive today.

THE MOONLIGHT PARADE

I once heard a story about some toys that came to life and were able to talk and walk just as we do. I have also heard, that in some far-away lands, the animals can talk on Christmas night. But the strangest thing I have ever seen was the vitamin parade late one night at Papa Fritzel's Corner Store.

To understand this story better, I must tell you about Papa Fritzel who was the owner, clerk, cashier, bookkeeper, and, in fact, the only one ever in charge of the store. He was very short and almost as broad as he was long. His face was so round that his merry little eyes looked out over puffed cheeks like two merry, twinkling blue stars. On his head he always wore a little round, black cap. Can you guess why? Papa Fritzel was so bald-headed that he hadn't a hair left on his shiny old head. He thought the little round hat kept this secret from the world. But I guessed it, and so would you, if you had seen him. To make him the perfect storekeeper that he was, he always wore a big, white apron. This made him look rounder and broader than ever.

The night that I am going to tell you about was warm and spring-like, although it was still early March. The moon was so big and so bright that it seemed to drip down the silvery beams

Indeed, it was so bright that after sweeping out and setting everything to rights, Papa Fritzel thought that with all the moonlight it would be foolish to have even the dim night light burning. Anyway, the store looked much prettier in the moonlight. So, after locking the front door, the round little man climbed the steep stairs to his bedroom above. Soon he was enjoying the sleep he so much deserved.

On the afternoon of this moonlight night, Papa Fritzel had talked to several food agents. The talk had been about food, of course. It was all about the vitamins in the different foods. As they talked, the storekeeper and his agents could not guess that every can, bottle, box,—yes, and every vegetable and fruit—was listening with all its might. They learned that they were "Good Health" because each had in it the power to make children grow or to keep them well. This power was called a *vitamin*. They learned that these vitamins were called A, B, C, and D. Vitamin A, they heard, makes children grow. It makes them have strong, straight bones. It is found in butter and codfish. The vitamin that keeps people healthy is B. Asparagus has Vitamin B. The vegetables and fruits were proud that they have the vitamin that keeps away sickness,—this is Vitamin C. But they were surprised to learn that Vitamin C is destroyed by cooking. The bottles of cod liver

oil were happy when they heard Papa Fritzel say, "I sell much cod liver oil,—Vitamin D, you see, just what you get from sunshine. Not much sale for it in the summer, though. Then the sunshine takes the place of it."

Now it happened that the foods living in this store, liked having a good time as much as the toys in that old story and the animals in the far-away land. So, after listening about themselves all afternoon, they decided to have a grand parade. When they talked about it, they called it a vitamin parade, because each kind of food was to carry a gay banner bearing the names of the vitamins it contained.

I happened along just after Papa Fritzel had locked the front door. The window looked so pretty that I stopped to look at it. What was my very great surprise to see boxes, bottles, cans, vegetables, and fruits briskly hopping off

the shelves and out of bins.—In less than a wink of an eye they had formed a long line. First in the parade came rolls of rich, yellow butter carrying a banner on which was printed "Vitamin A." Then came bottles of milk, waving a banner marked, "A B C." Fat bunches of asparagus came next, marked "B." The bottles of cod liver oil carried a "D" banner. The eggs each carried a tiny "AB" flag. The pineapples and oranges were "ABC." Lemons were "BC." On the baskets of spinach were "AB." The boxes of codfish carried "A" banners. There were so many, many more in the parade that I can't begin to tell you who they all were. But you can just believe that everyone had a rollicking good time. They marched in, out, and around the store; over shelves, under counters—always proudly waving their gaudy banners. The parade lasted a long time. At last the moon went down and it was scarcely light enough for me to see the marchers. Suddenly, I heard a noisy milk cart rattling along on a street not far away. At the first sound, the line of march broke up. The little Good Health people scattered and scrambled to shelves and baskets and bins. They were no longer on vitamin parade. But back in their places no one, not even Papa Fritzel, could have guessed about the parade in the moonlight.

HOW PLANTS EAT

1. The little girl, whose pet is a kitten, knows that puss must have a saucerful of milk very often. Jack knows what to feed his rabbits and chickens. Bill gives Fido a bone almost every day. But how many of you know what the trees and plants eat?

2. We know that people and animals need food, air, and water. We know that the plant in the window will soon die if we forget to give it a drink. During very hot summers, the leaves fall from the trees and the grass becomes burnt and brown if it is not sprinkled with water. So we know that trees and plants need water just as do people and animals.

3. But plants cannot lap water as Fido does. Instead they send out from the large roots that hold them fast in the ground many thousands of tiny rootlets. These are so fine that they are called root hairs. The moisture in the earth soaks through the thin walls of the root hairs. In this way the great tree and the tiny plant drink. While the plant or tree is drinking it is getting food, too. Many kinds of food that the plant needs are in the moisture taken in by the root hairs.

4. Trees and plants need sunshine and air just as people do. A plant kept in a dark, closed room will lose its healthy green color and

grow pale and sickly. Without the greenness of the leaves, the plant cannot turn those things which it takes from the soil and air into food for itself. The sunshine gives children health and makes them want to romp and play. It gives the leaves the power to make ready for use the food which has been taken in by the root hairs.

5. In people, the stomach gets food ready for the body. The leaves do the same work for plants. The food that is taken in by the root hairs is sent through the roots and the stem to the leaves. Here it is mixed with foods taken from the air. The plant can now use this food.

6. How necessary to the plant are its leaves and roots! With them it really eats and drinks.

JOLLY AUTUMN TIME

Apples hanging on the trees,
  And pears and peaches too,
Juicy grapes in clusters,
  And leaves of every hue;

Nuts to crack and corn to pop
  There's nothing half so fine;
So sing your gladdest, gayest songs
  For jolly autumn time.

—*H. R. D.*

THE PLAY OF THE SEVEN DWARFS

Last January the fourth grade of Mayflower School decided to give a play. They read many stories in order to find just the one that best suited them. At last they chose the story of "Snow-White, or The Seven Dwarfs."

This was a very good story to play for every child in the room could have a part. Seven of the boys who were about the same size were to be the dwarfs. They had to wear brown suits, shoes with long points, and funny, tall steeple hats. Each carried a pick or a shovel, for you will remember that the dwarfs dug for gold in the mountains.

Marjorie was to play the part of Snow-White because she looked like Snow-White in the story. Her skin was "as white as snow," her lips "as red as blood, and her hair as black as ebony."

Florence was the queen. The children chose her because she held her head so proudly and said her lines very plainly:—

"Oh mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?"

Then there were beautiful lords and ladies, and a huntsman who lived at Snow-White's home, the King's palace.

It was fun writing the play. It was more fun dressing up and acting it. And, finally, when

the play was all finished, it was so good that the children sold tickets for it to their schoolmates and presented it in the auditorium.

The day after the play, the children spent their arithmetic period in finding out just how much they had earned by giving their play. Of course, they were anxious to know how much money they had made selling tickets, what their expenses were, and how much money was left after the expenses were paid.

The children who bought materials read their bills. Grace read, "9 yards of brown cotton cloth at 25c a yard, $2.25."

Marjorie said, "I needed a half yard of gold braid for my crown. The braid was 60 cents a yard, so a half yard cost 30 cents."

William was stage manager. He paid $5.00 for the rent of the seven little beds they used in the dwarf's home.

It cost $2.25 for printing tickets and $1.50 for paper for posters to advertise the play.

Then they counted the money for the tickets. Fred and Harry were cashiers. The dollar bills amounted to fifteen dollars; the half dollars to two dollars; the quarters to seventy-five cents; the dimes to ninety cents; the nickels to forty cents; and the pennies to one dollar and fifty-five cents.

They quickly added these amounts and learned that they had taken more than twenty

dollars for tickets. Several of the children wanted to know how much money they would have after all the bills were paid. They even wanted the children to go at once and pay the bills so they could find out. But Billy said, "We don't have to do that. We can tell right now. Find out how much all the bills come to. We know how much we have from the tickets we sold. The difference is what we earned."

The children did what Billy told them and found that by giving another play they would have enough money to buy the phonograph they wanted so much.

SIX LITTLE INDIANS

Six little Indians running round a hive
One met a bee and then there were five.
Five little Indians coming through a door,
One was shut out and then there were four.
Four little Indians climbing up a tree,
One tumbled down and then there were three.
Three little Indians going through a zoo,
One saw a lion and then there were two.
Two little Indians out for a run,
One bumped his head and then there was one.

—*H. R. D.*

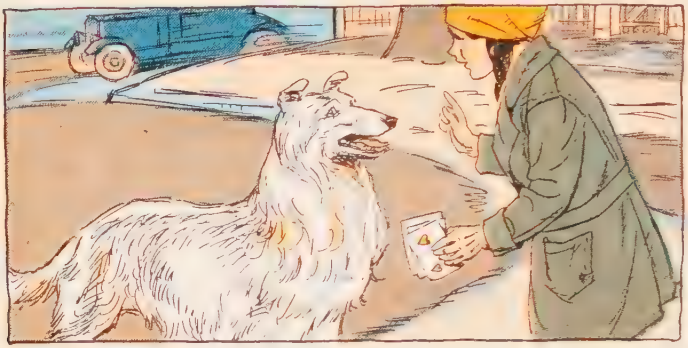
ADVENTURES ON VALENTINE DAY

On Valentine morning, Esther woke up bright and early. She had many things to do before it was time to go to school. She had promised her sister Mary that she would deliver her Valentines because Mary was sick and couldn't go outdoors. So, right after breakfast, Esther took the neatly-addressed envelopes and started on her way.

Esther had no trouble finding the homes of Mary's friends because she knew how to read words and numbers so easily. The first envelope was for six hundred fourteen, Walnut Street, the next for seven hundred eight, Walnut Street, and the third for nine hundred twenty, Walnut Street. Soon she had delivered the first three and then found she must take the next four to Maple Street. The numbers of the houses she had to visit were five hundred, five hundred eleven, six hundred one, and one thousand eight, Maple Street. The last envelope was for fifteen hundred forty, Market Street.

As she hurried along Market Street looking for the last house she had to find, a beautiful big white collie dog came running up to her. Esther stopped and talked to him. She said, "You pretty fellow. Whose dog are you?"

At that the dog wagged his tail and tried to lick her face. When Esther walked on, Mr.



Collie followed her. He went along with her as if she were his little Mistress. When Esther stopped and said, "Now you must go back home," the dog only seemed to be happier because she spoke to him.

Finally, the little girl decided that this was a lost dog. She looked at his collar and read the number of the tag. It was three hundred nineteen. On the way home she thought, "I'll stop at the dog tax office and find out whose dog this is, then I'll take this pretty fellow to his home."

Esther found this last street very busy this morning. Trucks, automobiles, horses, wagons, and men on bicycles and on foot were hurrying in every direction. Just as Esther and the big white dog were going to cross the street, a little newsboy darted past them. At the same moment a truck rushed along and the little boy was knocked down. In an instant a crowd of men were picking up the boy but the truck did not

stop. Soon a policeman came. He wanted to know about the accident. No one could tell him what truck had knocked the boy down. Just then Esther said shyly, "I know the number, it was five thousand sixty-one."

The policeman said, "You are a rather small girl to be able to read numbers so well. I wonder if you are right."

Then Esther said, "Yes, I'm sure I'm right. I can read numbers. I've been delivering Valentines and I had to read many house numbers."

And sure enough the policeman found that Esther was right and she had helped him to find a very thoughtless and reckless driver who needed to be punished.

ST. VALENTINE

Think of the lonely, remember the sad,
Be kind to the poor, make everyone glad,
On good old Saint Valentine's Day.

ONE GENTLE WORD

One gentle word that we may speak,
Or one kind loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

-Anonymous.

A ROADSIDE STORE

One day Dick said, "Don, let's ask father if we may have a little store on the front lawn close to the road and sell some of our fresh vegetables, fruit, butter, and milk."

"Yes, let's," Don replied.

Mr. Peck said that Dick and Don might have the store and that they might keep part of the money which they earned.

So the boys began to build a counter and shelves for their store. Dick said, "The counter must be at least two feet wide. They searched and searched for a wide board. But they could only find boards twelve inches wide.

Then Don said, "These are all right. We'll use two of them. Each is a foot wide and by putting them beside each other we can make a two-foot counter."

At last, they had the store all ready and they were hoping for some customers, when Mrs. Brown drove by. As soon as she saw the baskets of fresh vegetables, Mrs. Brown stopped and told the boys she would buy the things she needed from them instead of going into the city to the market.

She said, "I shall take twelve ears of green corn, eight quarts of currants, and a half pound of butter."

So Don picked out a dozen of the finest ears he could find. He put the eight quarts of currants

into a peck basket. They just filled it. Then he weighed out eight ounces of butter, for Mrs. Brown only wanted a half pound.

He thanked Mrs. Brown for stopping to buy from his store and said that he hoped she would come again.

As soon as Mrs. Brown had gone, a party of campers came. How glad they were to find this little roadside store! They said they would need at least a half gallon of milk so Dick sold it to them in two one-quart bottles. One of the boys said, "I like raspberries, let's buy some. I can eat a quart myself."

Dick said, "The raspberries are in pint boxes, pick out any two boxes you wish."

They wanted a half dozen eggs, too. So Don ran into the house and said, "Mother, give me six eggs, please!"

One of the ladies said she was sure they needed butter. Don was afraid he did not have quite enough to make a pound. But luckily there were just sixteen ounces of it left.

By the time noon came, the boys had sold almost all the produce in the little store. Dick said, "We'll have to gather some more vegetables, and fruit this afternoon. So I think we had better not open the store again until this evening."

"All right," answered Don, "But let's find out how much money we took in."

They found that they could count it easily by putting it into the following form:

3 dollars	$3.00
2 half dollars	1.00
3 quarter dollars	.75
5 dimes	.50
5 nickels	.25
10 pennies	.10
Total	$5.60

The boys were very happy with the morning's business and decided to continue with their store for the rest of the summer.

POLITENESS

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

NEW THINGS IN A NEW HOME

1. Last week Dan moved to Cambridge. On Monday he started to school. How different everything seemed! There were new names to learn and new faces to remember. A new teacher to become acquainted with, too. When Dan returned home at night his mother wanted to know all about the new school. She asked Dan how many pupils were in his room. Dan thought a while, then said, "Well, there are no more vacant seats there for I took the last one." His mother laughed and asked, "How many seats are there?"

Then Dan answered after some thought, "I know there are seven rows of seats and I'm sure there are six seats in each row because I sit in the sixth seat in the seventh row."

"Very well," answered mother, "now tell me how many pupils are in the room." It only took Dan a second to tell mother. Could you find out as quickly?

2. Soon after Dan moved to Cambridge his grandfather sent him a collie puppy. Dan was so happy. He said, "Now I shall have to teach Pup to play ball and do many other tricks."

Dan's father said, "I think you should build him a nice little house to sleep in."

The next day after school Dan bought lumber, nails, and paint for his dog house. He paid

$3.45 for the lumber, $.50 for nails, and $.75 for paint. When he brought the material home his father asked how much he had spent for it. He was soon able to tell. Can you?

3. Dan had been wanting a bicycle for a long time. So he decided to bank all the money he had saved in the "School Savings."

In the spring, when school was out, he thought that he must have enough money for a bicycle. So he went to a shop to look at them. He saw just the one he wanted. It was bright red, trimmed with shining nickel. The clerk told him that the price was $49.50. But alas! Dan only had $45.65. He knew he had to wait a few more weeks until he earned the rest. Can you find how much Dan would have to earn?

4. One day last winter when Dan came home from school he found Mother was baking cookies. How good the kitchen smelled! How brown and crisp the cookies looked! Mother said Dan might put them in the big cooky jar when they were cool. Just for fun, as he put them in, he counted them. "How many do you think there are, mother?" he cried when he had finished.

Mother guessed just right, 108. Then she asked Dan how many would be his share if father and Dan and she each ate the same number. Try to find out for him.

STREET BOBBIES

1. One day as I was driving down the busy street near Pleasant School, I heard a shrill whistle. Just before me, in the middle of the street, was a bright-eyed boy scout with a "Stop-Go" traffic sign. I brought my car to a short stop and watched the small traffic scout wave to a group of little children on the curb. At the signal, the children hurried across the street and then on to their homes. Mr. Traffic Scout blew his whistle, turned his sign to "go," and traffic went on as before.

2. This little scene interested me so much that, later in the day, I went to Pleasant School to find out more about it. I learned that the scouts who direct traffic are called Safety Scouts because they make the streets safe for the boys and girls who go to that school.

3. The scouts themselves told me that Pleasant Street is crowded with traffic all day long. It is especially busy when the children go to and from school. It had been very dangerous for the children of Pleasant School to cross the street. There had been many accidents.

4. One day a little girl was crossing the street. She wanted to meet some of her little friends and walk to school with them. She thought the street was clear of traffic. But suddenly a swiftly-moving automobile was upon

her! Poor little girl! She was picked up with her hip, her shoulder, and her arm broken.

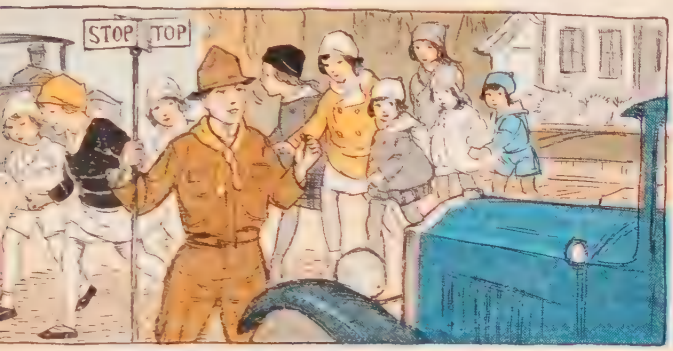
5. This accident and others, almost as bad, made the children afraid to cross the streets near Pleasant School. The mothers and fathers worried until they knew their little ones were safe. The teachers worried, too. They all knew that something had to be done to make Pleasant Street safe for the children. But what could be done? The city police were already too busy with traffic down town.

6. Then, one day, the Scoutmaster came to Pleasant School. He had a plan for making Pleasant Street safe.

7. This is the plan. During the time when the children were going to and from school, a boy scout should be at each street crossing near the school. He should have a "Stop-Go" sign and policeman's whistle, as do real traffic policemen. These scouts were to stop the traffic every few minutes and allow the children to cross the street in safety.

8. Every one in Pleasant School thought the Scoutmaster's plan was a very fine one.

9. So the children selected very trustworthy boy scouts to take care of street crossings near the school. With their police whistles and "Stop-Go" signs the safety scouts started out. From the first day the streets were safer and the children were afraid no longer.



10. The drivers of automobiles were very willing to help the cheerful safety scouts. When they heard the shrill whistle and saw the traffic sign turn to "Stop" they smiled broadly as they obeyed.

11. It amused them, too, to see the school children hurry along when the scout signaled them. Then came the shrill whistle, the flash of the traffic sign and the automobiles began to "whiz" down the street again.

12. A few months ago, the amusing name "Street Bobbies" was given to these lads who direct the traffic around Pleasant School by a little boy who came from London, England. When he was told to watch the traffic scout before crossing the street he answered brightly, "It's the 'Street Bobbie' you mean? We call them *bobbies* in London." From that time all the traffic scouts have been "Street Bobbies."

BIRTHDAY HOLIDAYS

On the first Monday in September Jim and John, his English cousin, went into the city and there John saw his first parade in America. The marchers were men who worked at many trades in the great city. After the parade, the boys went to a nearby park where the working people were having picnics and everybody was having a great deal of fun. John remembered that this day was called Labor Day. He said, "Labor Day is a queer name for a day that people spend having such a good time."

Then Jim told his cousin about the great labor unions in the United States to which most working people belong. He said, "The labor unions and owners of all factories, mines, and shops work together to give the workers fair wages and to settle any disputes that may arise.

"The first holiday for working people was held many years ago in the State of New York on the first Monday in September. There were parades and the people had a good time just as they are having now. The next year the holiday was just as successful, so from that time we have had Labor Day, a day when everybody stops work and has a good time."

John was interested in the holidays of the United States so, when he and Jim returned home in the evening, Jim told about the special

days that they would celebrate. Some of them John had celebrated in far-away England. Christmas, New Year's Day, and Easter mean the same to people in England as they do to Americans. The days that John did not know about were the ones we celebrate in connection with the history of our country. There was Columbus Day on October 12. John learned that people honored, by hanging out flags, the brave man who crossed the wide Atlantic and found America. Jim said, "You will hear about Columbus in school of course. We always have a program on that day."

After Jim had told about the next American holiday, Thanksgiving, John was sure he would enjoy it. He already knew about the Pilgrims of Plymouth. It was interesting to know that the first Thanksgiving celebration lasted nearly a week, that Indians were guests of the white people, and that President Lincoln, a long time afterwards, sent a message to the people of this country saying that the last Thursday in November should be a day for Thanksgiving. When John heard about the grand feast of turkey that he would have that day, he was more eager than ever for November to come.

Two great presidents of the United States were born in the month of February. These are remembered on Lincoln's Day, February 12, and Washington's Day, February 22. "We

shall hang out our flag on both those days," said Jim. "At school, there will be a program in honor of Lincoln. On Washington's birthday we do not have school because it is a national holiday. On a national holiday all public buildings such as banks, the post offices, and schools are closed."

ARBOR LODGE, THE HOME OF J. STERLING MORTON, THE FOUNDER OF "ARBOR DAY"

"Another holiday," Jim continued, "that we have in the United States is Arbor Day or Tree Day. It is the day on which trees are planted. The custom started in the State of Nebraska. This state, at one time, was a flat, treeless prairie. The wind swept over it wildly.

The farmers who lived there needed wood for fenceposts, for firewood, and they needed trees to give shade. So a man, who lived in Nebraska, whose name was J. Sterling Morton said, 'Since we need trees we'll make a holiday and plant some.' Every year this holiday was kept. Now Nebraska has millions of trees. Other states took up this custom of planting trees on some day in the spring until now Arbor Day is known in all parts of the United States."

"But all of the United States was not treeless, was it?" asked John.

"Oh no." answered Jim, "great forests covered most of the country. But many of the forests had been cut away and the people knew they had to be replaced because timber was getting scarce. By having Arbor Day each year the United States will always have enough trees for lumber, for firewood, and to give shade."

The next holiday Jim told about was Memorial Day. "Some people," he said, "call it Decoration Day because the graves of the soldiers are covered with flowers on that day." He told John that many years ago, during a war, kind southern ladies placed flowers on the grave of every soldier buried in their cemetery. All parts of the country praised these women for their kindness and not long after each state had a day for honoring the dead soldiers and sailors.

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BETSY ROSS MAKING "OLD GLORY"

"Most of the states," said Jim, "have Memorial Day on the thirtieth of every May. But some decide each year which day it shall be.

"After Memorial Day comes Flag Day," Jim continued. "It is the birthday of the American Flag.

"A long time ago on June 14, 1777, the United States government decided that the flag made by Mrs. Betsy Ross should be the flag of our country. So now on every June the Fourteenth,

the United States flag is displayed in honor of its birthday."

The last of our country's holidays that Jim told about was the Fourth of July. John was very interested to know all about this birthday of our United States.

Jim said, "Up to July 4, 1776, our country belonged to England. But the Americans decided to separate and become an independent country. They told just how they felt about their liberty and rights in a paper called the Declaration of Independence. After it was written, several men from each colony came to Philadelphia to read it and to vote on it. If enough men voted for it the people of America would no longer belong to England but would belong to the United States. Of course all of these men did believe in the Declaration. So they voted for it. This happened on July Fourth, the birthday of the United States. The people were wild with joy when the Liberty Bell told them the news. Now every citizen of the new country worked harder than ever to win the war they were fighting against England. In a few years, the war was ended and the Americans were really free and independent."

John had learned much of the history of the United States from these stories, which really are birthday holidays of our country.

GOOD-TIME HOLIDAYS

Throw wide the doors on New Year's Eve
The old year now must quickly leave
And in its place the year so new
Is welcomed by each one of you.

Many such strange customs attend the passing of the old year and the coming of the New Year. Most of these customs come to us from the people who lived in Europe a long, long time ago. At that time, the new year began on the last of March. This was the beginning of Spring. The people were glad that the hard, cold, cruel winter was past and that the new year would begin with pleasant, easier days. For this reason, feasts and merrymaking were held to celebrate its coming.

Then came the time when the new year was changed to the first of January. The celebrations went on just the same. In some countries it is the day on which gifts are given rather than on Christmas Day. But in the United States New Year's Day is a feast day and a good-time holiday. The old year is rung out and the new year is rung in with clanging bells and the shrieking of many whistles.

This is the time we all resolve
New rules to keep, bad ones dissolve.

St. Valentine's Day is another good-time holiday. There are many pretty stories told

why we observe St. Valentine's Day. But the real reason is not known. This day, the fourteenth of February, is the anniversary of the death of Bishop Valentine. It happens that a day later was a feast day. Perhaps these two days were confused so that now, we have the merrymaking of the feast day named for the Bishop Valentine.

One of the most delightful customs of Valentine's Day was the "valentining" of English children. Early in the morning of Valentine's Day, groups would sing songs under the windows of every house. As payment for this "valentining" the people would throw cakes and candies to the little singers.

In the United States this is not only a children's holiday. Grown people enjoy the valentine messages and parties as much as do the children. It is a day we all look forward to, and remember kindly when it is past.

Be careful today when you're in school
Or the jokes will make you an April Fool.

On the first of April is April Fool's Day. No one is sure why we have this day either, when we play jokes on each other. Perhaps the best reason comes from France. Many years ago in this country as in all Europe the new year came on the last of March. There were great celebrations just as there are now. Each year after it

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A MAYPOLE DANCE IN A CITY PARK

had been decided to begin the year on the first of January many people forgot about the change of dates. Many people would have mock celebrations on the old new year's day and invite their forgetful friends. When they came they found that a joke had been played on them and that they were fools. For this reason this day came to be known as April Fool's Day.

Did you ever dance around the maypole? Did you ever help crown the Queen of the May? Have you ever taken a May walk? If you have you have celebrated the coming of May as it has been celebrated for hundreds of years. This old custom has come to us from Europe.

In the olden days the people were happy when they knew Spring was coming. The winters were long, dreary, and uncomfortable. They thought that the Goddess of Flowers sent the buds which soon would burst into bloom. They loved the Goddess of Flowers so they had games, dances, and other merriment in her honor. This pretty custom is still followed in many of our schools and colleges at their May Day parties.

When pumpkins are yellow and the corn-stalks are cut and shocked we have another good-time holiday, Hallowe'en. On the night of Hallowe'en witches, ghosts, and other spirits are about. We know that these mystic spirits are our friends in masquerade costumes. But long ago in old England this was the feast night of the heathen priests. Many queer things were said to be done on that night by the spirits of the dead who were thought to come back to earth.

The name of this holiday, however, as we celebrate it, comes from another day All Saints' Day which was celebrated on the first of November. The evening before All Saints' Day was called All Hallow's Eve. Our Hallowe'en then comes from both the festival of the heathen priests and the celebration of All Saints' Day. It is one of the best of the good-time holidays.

We always remember October Thirty-First
For it's filled with fun 'till it's ready to burst.

PETER'S DREAM

The last thing Miss Brown told the fourth grade of Central School before saying "good-night," was, "Tomorrow morning, children, we shall go to the auditorium. Now do make me proud of you."

How surprised Peter was a little later to find himself on the big stage of the great auditorium! How had he come there? No, he could not remember. But there he was, gazing into the empty rows of seats before him.

But before Peter could become frightened because he was alone in the great room, a door opened and in came a group of rosy-faced children. "They must have come from school," thought Peter, "for the lady with them looks like Miss Brown who is a teacher at Central School."

Peter watched the children as they walked quietly down the aisle and found their seats. He noticed that the first child to enter a row moved to the farthest seat. There was no scrambling over one another. Each was perfectly contented with his place. When Peter saw that, he said, "These children are very courteous to each other. That is such a fine thing."

As the children waited for the performance to begin, they spoke very softly to each other.

They sat so quietly that Peter wondered more than ever.

Then it seemed that the performance had started. How odd! Peter was still on the stage where he could watch the children, but he could also see the performers on the stage and later the picture on the silver screen that unrolled from some hidden place high above him.

A clown, dressed in a suit of many colors, came dancing down the middle of the stage. The children were glad to see him. They greeted him with smiles and clapping of their hands. But oh! how polite they were about the applause! It was not overdone. It was just enough to tell Mr. Clown that he was very welcome. His funny stories made all of them laugh. How they did enjoy the one about "The Talkative Turtle"! His dancing, somersaults and cart-wheels made them wish to follow him as the children of long ago followed the Pied Piper.

But soon Mr. Clown's act was over. He waved "goodbye" to his little friends in the audience. When he left the stage they clapped, hoping that he would return. And he did, too. But he looked very tired, for handsprings and dancing are tiring for even the nimblest clowns. Peter thought the children must have seen this for, after a tiny bit of applause, they stopped and waited for the next number.

During the short time which followed before the showing of the picture which came next, the doors at the back of the auditorium opened and another group of children came in. They came in quietly, too, and Peter noticed that the girls and boys who had come first were just as quiet as ever. He didn't see even one child turn around and stare impolitely at the newcomers. "Hm!" murmured Peter, "they are polite, the very best-mannered children I ever saw. My mother would surely love them!"

The picture was funny, too. It made the entire audience laugh and laugh. Once there was a scene in which a brave soldier carried the American flag. Then the hall rang with clapping. That showed how much respect the boys and girls had for our flag.

At the end of the long motion picture, the organ rang out joyously with "The Star Spangled Banner." In an instant every child was on his feet. They sang as joyously as the organ. This was the end of the entertainment but all waited until the last note had died away before struggling into their wraps. Then quickly, quietly, and orderly they walked to the doors and in a few moments Peter was alone again. But it was for just a few moments. Soon two tired janitors came in with brooms and dust pans. "Here, Jim," cried Janitor Tom, "they've been sitting in the middle. We'll find plenty of

peanut shells, paper bags, gum wrappings, and what not. Be sure to sweep up every scrap, there's another performance tonight."

Both janitors looked for the peanut shells and "what-not" they thought the children had left behind. But what do you guess they found? I'll tell you what Peter heard them say, "Nothing here to sweep up, so what's the use of sweeping? They must have been the cleanest, most polite, best-mannered children who were ever in this auditorium."

"I should say they were," shouted Peter. Then he woke up and he remembered that his dream was about his own class which was "the cleanest, most polite, best-mannered," in the whole town.

DO IT WELL

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.

—*Anonymous.*

Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

—*David Crockett.*

JACOB AND THE SUGAR PLUM TREE*

It was Christmas time in a country far across the sea. Three little boys were standing before the schoolhouse talking.

"I'm glad tomorrow is Christmas" said Jacob.

"Yes," said Henry, "the teacher shall give each of us a red stocking filled with sugar plums."

"The stockings are too small," said Max, "there are not enough sugar plums in them."

"I wish I were the teacher," said Jacob, "then I could have all the sugar plums I wanted."

Just then the door of the schoolhouse opened and the teacher came out. He noticed that when he came close to them the boys stopped talking. He thought that strange, so he asked, "What is the trouble, boys?"

Henry was less timid than the rest, so he said, "Jacob thinks because you are the teacher you can have as many stockings filled with sugar plums as you want."

"No, I cannot," said the teacher. "I do not buy the Christmas stockings. They grow on the sugar plum tree."

"Is the tree in your garden?" asked Henry

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"Yes," answered the teacher, "it is the little tree which stands at the edge of the garden, behind the schoolhouse."

"But," cried Jacob, "I thought that tree was dead."

"No, once every year on Christmas Eve the tree blossoms with Christmas stockings filled with sugar plums for the boys and girls. At twelve o'clock I will go and gather the stockings for you."

"May I go, too, schoolmaster?" asked Jacob.

"No, my child, it is late. You go home now. Tomorrow when you come you shall receive your sugar plums."

That night when Jacob went to bed he did not undress. But he covered himself carefully with the warm blankets so his mother should

not notice that he still wore his clothes. When he heard the clock strike eleven he quietly slipped out of bed. He listened to make sure his mother and father were asleep. Then he crept softly from the house.

He went into the garden behind the schoolhouse and hid behind a large tree. Soon he saw the door of the teacher's house open and the teacher came out. In one hand he carried a lantern, in the other he had a large basket. He walked straight to the little tree which Jacob had thought was dead. He said,

"Oh, little tree, oh little tree,
I beg sweet sugar plums from thee.
You do not bloom in summer time
But now your boughs with fruit will shine."

At that very moment the tree began to sparkle and gleam with many lighted candles. On every bough hung bright red Christmas stockings nearly bursting with sugar plums. Suddenly, the stockings fell to the ground and the teacher filled his basket.

"Thank you, thank you, little tree," said the teacher. And picking up the basket and the lantern went back to his house.

Jacob now came from his hiding place behind the big tree. He said,

"Oh little tree, oh little tree
Give sugar plums to me."

The stockings again hung on the tree but now only one fell. Jacob picked it up and ran home. When he reached his room he opened the stocking. And what did he see? Delicious sugar plums? No! a little stick jumped out. It grew and grew until it was quite big.

"I am your Christmas present, Jacob," he said and struck the boy a smart blow on the hand.

Jacob jumped on the bed but the stick jumped, too, and struck Jacob again.

In the morning, when Jacob awoke, he found the stick on the chair beside the bed.

"I will not have that horrid stick in my room," said Jacob. So he went to the window and threw the stick into the garden.

In just a minute the stick was back in the room again and jumped into Jacob's pocket.

"I will stay with you always," said the stick.

Whenever Jacob was a naughty boy, whenever he was about to do something that was bad, he would hear a voice in his pocket saying, "No, Jacob, no."

This made the little boy angry. He did not want the stick always in his pocket so one day, when he was near a pond, he threw the stick into it. He laughed and played all day for now there was no more stick.

But that night when he was in his bed he heard a voice at the window, which said, "Jacob, let me in."

Sadly Jacob opened the window and in came the stick.

"You did not want me any more, so you threw me into the pond, you bad boy," cried the stick and he struck Jacob.

The next morning Jacob thought he surely would end the stick, so he opened the stove and put the stick in the hottest part of the fire. The stick burned up.

"Now, thought Jacob, "I shall get me an apple."

So he went to a garden nearby where a large apple tree grew. He had just picked up a large red apple when the stick was there.

"Jacob, you bad boy," said the stick, "you wanted to burn me up and now you have stolen that apple." The stick struck Jacob on the finger so he dropped the apple. Jacob was so tired of having the stick with him always that he became very ill. He had to stay in bed three days. But always the stick was with him.

After that many times his father and mother would say, "Jacob is not naughty any more. He is a very good boy now."

Jacob thought of the stick in his pocket but said nothing.

The summer and autumn passed. Christmas Eve came again. Jacob lay in his bed and thought of the sugar plum tree all covered with sparkling candles and fat red stockings.

"No," said Jacob, "I will not go to the sugar plum tree and take any more Christmas stockings. One stick is enough, I don't want two."

Twelve o'clock struck. In a gentle voice Jacob heard the stick say, "Let me out, Jacob, I want to go."

"You want to go?" asked Jacob. He could hardly believe his ears.

"Yes, you are a good boy now, so I can go," said the stick. With that he jumped out of the window.

The next morning Jacob saw by his bed a very large Christmas stocking. It was filled with beautiful big sugar plums. A paper was pinned on the stocking. These words were written on the paper, "For Jacob, a good boy, from his friend, The Stick."

—From "Stories and Fairy Tales" by Lillian Foster.

HOW CHILDREN GROW

Happy hearts and happy faces
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

—Anonymous.

SPARROWS IN HIS HAT*

Michael was a very lazy little boy. Indeed he was so lazy that he did not want to go to school. All that he wanted to do was to go to the woods and hunt for birds' eggs and birds.

This made the schoolmaster very angry. One day he said, "Michael, you must come to school and learn. If you go to the woods again I will punish you."

But, by and by, Michael forgot the schoolmaster's warning. And, one morning, when the sun was very bright, the little boy went to the woods. He played until late in the afternoon. By that time he had caught six sparrows. Then he put the sparrows in his hat and the hat on his head. Then he trudged slowly home.

On the way home he had to pass the schoolhouse. He did not expect to meet any of the children or the schoolmaster either since it was so late. But behold! As he turned the bend in the road whom should he see standing in front of the schoolhouse but the schoolmaster and all the children! The teacher was talking to an old gentleman who was sitting on a beautiful white horse. There were many other horsemen there too. Michael noticed that the schoolmaster, all the children, and even the horsemen, in fact everyone except the old gentleman on

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the white horse had taken off their hats. "He must be a very important person," thought the boy.

Just then the schoolmaster spied Michael. He cried, "Michael, take off your hat! This is the King."

But Michael did not take off his hat for he dared not let the teacher know about the sparrows. He knew though that he was very impolite to the king. He began to cry bitterly.

Then the teacher not knowing what to make of all this took off Michael's hat himself. Out flew the six sparrows.

"Ah," cried the teacher, "Michael, you are a bad boy! You went again to the woods. I shall punish you later."

Michael was so ashamed and so frightened that he cried more bitterly than ever.

Now the King was very good natured and liked little boys even though they were sometimes bad. He felt sorry for the little fellow. He thought that being caught by the schoolmaster was punishment enough. So he said, "No, no, Mr. Schoolmaster, you must not punish Michael. He has had enough punishment just now. He will go no more to the woods when he should be in school."

With that the King and his party rode away. The boys and the schoolmaster went to their homes.

And will you believe it Michael never ran away from school again!

The boys in the little town where Michael lived are very polite but if a boy does not take off his hat when he should, the people say, "He has sparrows in his hat."

—From "Stories and Fairy Tales" by Lillian Foster.

CALICO PIE

Calico pie,
The little birds fly
  Down to the calico-tree.

Their wings were blue,
And they sang "Tilly-loo!"
Till away they flew;
  And they never came back to me!

They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me!

—Edward Lear.

A MUSKRAT FARM

Did you ever hear of a farm in a swamp? It is indeed a queer place for a farm. But muskrats can be raised in no other place but in a swamp or marsh.

The muskrat farm described in this story is in the marshy end of a pretty, little bay on the southern shore of Lake Erie. It is owned by a group of men who love to fish and hunt during the fishing and hunting season. The muskrats that live in the marsh are trapped during the winter and their fur coats are sold. Enough money is earned in this way to pay a man to take care of the farm and to support the club house and grounds.

In the summer time, the mud sides of the marsh are burrowed out to form the homes of hundreds of these little animals. Each home has three entrances. One is from the water and two are from the land. The burrow is well up above the reach of water even when it is high. Here, each year, Mrs. Muskrat rears three broods of babies with from six to eight in each brood.

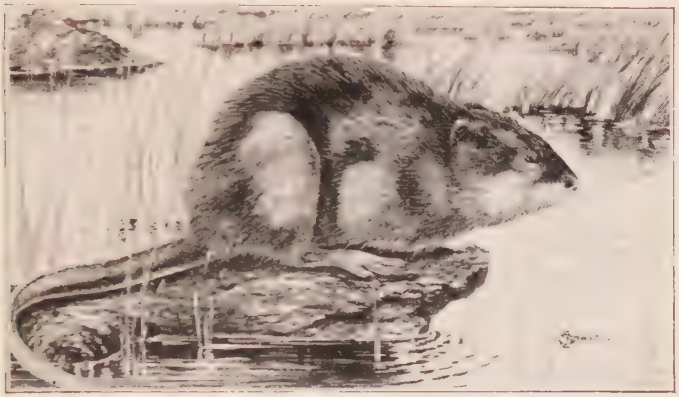
A winter visit to this muskrat farm finds the muskrats living in their winter homes. These are queer, dome-shaped houses in the swamp. Built of marsh grasses and reeds, the houses are

very grand affairs sometimes reaching the height of four or five feet above the water. A warm nest lined with leaves and moss is found inside. In the top is a hole for ventilation and, at the bottom, there is a passageway which leads to the water below. Here the muskrats spend the winter.

The caretaker of this farm never has to feed his stock for their food is the bulbs and tubers of plants found in the swamp. When the marsh is frozen in the winter, they nibble the roots of the grasses and reeds which make the thick walls of their homes.

The muskrat is much more at home in the water than on land. Its legs are so short that it is almost impossible for it to run on land. But nature has made the muskrat very well adapted for the water. Its hind feet are strong and webbed, making good paddles so that he can easily swim. The fine fur is waterproof so that the muskrat can swim and dive as much as it wishes without becoming wet. The long bare tail is a good rudder.

The muskrat always washes his food before he eats it. This he does by dashing it up and down in the water. Often it will choose one place on the shore where it eats. Most of its hunting for food is done at night. It is harmless and fearful except when cornered; then it fights fiercely, using its long front teeth and sharp front claws



Courtesy U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey

The Muskrat

as weapons. It warns its fellows that danger is near not by any cry, but by a sort of squeak and by splashing the water with its strong tail. Then all the muskrats that are within hearing jump into the water and safely swim away.

When the water rises higher than usual, the muskrats are driven from their homes. They must seek shelter on land. This is dangerous for they have many enemies such as dogs, foxes, hawks, and owls. Their only means of protection, swimming, is then impossible.

Besides being valuable for their fur they make very good food. In markets they are sold as marsh rabbit and the delicious flesh is bought and enjoyed by many people. By hunting and trapping them, men become the muskrats' most dangerous enemy.

THE ANTS' COWS

1. One bright summer morning Jimmy was taking a walk through the garden. As he was going along, he noticed something very queer on the tips of all the branches of the rose bushes. They looked quite rough and light-green in color, not the smooth, brownish green they usually were. After a closer examination, Jimmy found that hundreds of little green lice were crowded on every rose branch.

2. "Mother, mother," cried Jimmy, "Come out here right away and see what is on the rose bushes!"

3. Mother was very proud of her lovely garden, so she came quickly to see what had alarmed Jimmy. Mother gave the rose bushes one glance. and said, "Ants' cows, Jimmy. We'll have to get the spray gun and soap suds and get busy."

4. "Ants' cows! Ants' cows!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Mother, what are you talking about?"

5. While they drenched the rose bushes very thoroughly with soap suds from their spray gun, mother told Jimmy about the little green plant lice or *aphids* she had called Ants' cows.

6. "You saw how closely the little green lice were crowded on the stems, didn't you? What do you suppose they were doing?" asked mother.

7. "Eating, of course," answered Jimmy.

8. "Yes," said mother, "they were sucking the sap or juice from the rose plants. Inside the bodies of the aphids, or plant lice, this sap becomes very sweet. When it passes through the aphids it falls in drops upon the ground. These drops are called honey dew. Ants love the honey dew. Wherever aphids are at work you will be sure to find ants. Sometimes they do not even wait for the honey dew to fall upon the ground but hurry up the stems to sip the drops as they form on the tips of the aphids' bodies. If you could see them doing this it would look very much as if they were milking a cow."

9. "Ha," laughed Jimmy, "that is a good name for them after all. I thought you were joking, mother."

10. "This part does seem like a fairy tale but it is true, nevertheless. Often, the ants do not get as much honey dew as they think they should, so they very carefully carry their cows to a new stem where there are but few aphids."

11. "That is like taking them to fresh pastures, isn't it?" said Jimmy.

12. "Yes," answered mother, "it is. And I have read that to protect them, the ants will even build little shed-like houses over them of a kind of saw dust."

13. "Why do you kill the aphids then, if the ants need them so much?" asked Jimmy. "Will the aphids hurt the plants?"

14. "Indeed, they will," said mother, "you know a tree can't live without sap. Neither can any other plant, and if the aphids are allowed to go on sucking the sap, the plant will die. I hope you will watch the garden very closely, Jimmy. If you see black dots along the stems of any of the flowers, or woolly-like threads hanging from the under side of the apple leaves tell me at once. You see aphids are not all like the green ones here on the roses."

15. Jimmy had a real job that summer. Often, he found great armies of the aphids in the garden. But always he sprayed the bushes and trees with the sticky soap suds which covered the bodies of the aphids and smothered them. Each time a lovely flower appeared in the garden Jimmy knew it was there because he had helped turn the "Ants' cows" out of their pastures.

AN OLD PROVERB

Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways, and be wise:
Which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler,
Provideth her meat in the summer,
And gathereth her food in the harvest.

THE TURTLE

It was very warm and sunny on Quiet Pond. Billy and Bob had rowed close to shore and were watching for turtles. Bob was sure he could find plenty, for on these June days the turtles loved to come out and sun themselves on the fallen trees which lay half in the water. The boys had counted as many as fifty turtles the day before. But how hard they were to catch! At the first dip of the oar, they would slide off the logs into the water, and, in the wink of an eye, be out of sight.

Today there were more turtles on the logs than yesterday. Some were big old mossbacks, others were so very tiny that they must have been hatched recently. They did not seem to be as quick at sliding off the logs into the water so the boys managed to get several of them. Then they decided to wait near the edge of the pond for a big old turtle to come along.

They had been waiting for a few minutes when, surely enough, along came Mrs. Moss Back. But she did not come out on the log. Instead, she crawled along the bank where the sand was very hot and dry. She seemed to be searching for something, for she stopped now and then and looked carefully about her.

"I'm going to jump out and grab her," whispered Billy.

Photo by E. R. Sanborn *Courtesy N. Y. Zoological Society*

FEEDING TIME

"No, don't," answered Bob, "let's see where she is going!"

Can you guess for what she was looking? A place to lay her eggs. Soon she found a place that suited her very well. It was a warm, dry spot. Here she dug a hole, using her feet for shovels. Then she laid her eggs in the hole and covered them with the warm sand. After that she walked back to Quiet Pond, slipped into the water, and the boys did not see her again.

Billy and Bob were able to find the exact spot where Mrs. Moss Back's nest was by the bushes that grew near. Every day they came back to see if the baby turtles were hatched.

What surprised them was that they never met Mrs. Moss Back there.

They told their father about the mother turtle and how strange they thought it was because she never came to the nest.

Father said, "Mrs. Moss Back is like all turtles. They hide their eggs in the best place they can find and then let Mr. Sun hatch them out with his warm rays of heat. She has no doubt forgotten all about them."

But if Mrs. Moss Back forgot about the little turtles, Billy and Bob did not. They continued their daily visits. They wanted to know if the eggs really would hatch and how the little turtles were going to leave the nest.

In several days they were rewarded. When they reached the nest they found it much disturbed. White, soft shells broken open lay here and there. One tiny turtle was just leaving the side of the nest. They walked toward the edge of the pond and found two more which surely must belong to Mrs. Moss Back.

When they came to the pond, the turtles didn't stop for even a moment. They slipped into the sparkling, blue water as easily as any old turtle. They knew how to swim, too. They were quite able to find their own food and a good place to rest and sleep. So it did not matter if Old Mrs. Moss Back had been a poor mother and had forgotten all about them.

SPIDERS

Surely you must have seen small bits of soft, silvery down in the corner of a fence, on the under side of a stone, or in a crack in a board. Have you ever pulled one of these bits of silver apart? If you have you probably found many tiny eggs inside. These were laid and hidden away by a mother spider.

Mrs. Spider is always afraid that something will happen to her eggs so she protects them by weaving a soft covering of down about them in the place she has hidden them.

If you were able to count the eggs, you would find that there were a very great many. "No wonder," you say, "there are so many spiders and spider webs all around. Why does Mrs. Spider lay so many eggs?"

Mrs. Spider is a good mother. She is not only careful that no harm shall come to the eggs but she takes care that the baby spiders have enough to eat until they are able to find food for themselves. She places in the egg sack many more eggs than she wants to become large spiders. When the eggs hatch, some of the little spiders are very weak. These weak ones become the food for the strong ones until the strong ones are able to leave the nest and find food for themselves.

Another kind of spider that takes even better care of its young is the running spider. Mrs.

A MOTHER SPIDER

Running Spider is so devoted to her babies that she will not even hide her eggs. Wherever she goes, she carries the egg sack with her fastened to her spinnerets until the eggs are hatched. And then what does she do with her little ones? Does she carry them to a cozy nest and leave them there while she finds their food? No indeed. The little running spiders crawl upon their mother's back and stay there until they are old enough to find their own food. They are with her while she searches for food and she is much happier than if they were at home alone. What kind of mothers do you say spiders are?

THE COWBIRD

One of the most interesting things abou birds is the way they build their nests. Nearl all the birds we know, those found in the large of our cities as well as those found in qui country places, build nests and take good ca of their young. Some nests are hidden amon leafy branches, others the eaves of the roofs, som in chimney corners an still others in the thic grass of the meadow.

THE AMERICAN COWBIRD

But there is one bi that neither builds a ne nor cares for its youn This is the cowbird. you see an importan looking bird spending a her time walking arou in the pasture, picking u the insects disturbed b the cows as they graze, you will know that it a cowbird.

The father cowbird wears a glossy, greenis black suit and brown head feathers. Mrs. Co bird and the baby cowbirds wear ugly, dull gra clothes.

When winter comes, without a thought abo the family she has so shamefully neglected, M

Cowbird flies to the sunny south and during the long warm days keeps on having a good time.

Instead of building its own nest the cowbird waits until some smaller bird such as the song sparrow has finished her nest building. Then when Mrs. Song Sparrow is away from home, the cowbird lays an egg in the sparrow's nest.

It seems strange that the smaller birds allow this to be done year after year. But perhaps the song sparrow does not know that the large birdling she has hatched and is feeding is not her own. Often her own birds starve because the hungry cowbird baby insists upon having all the food. Many times the smaller birdlings are smothered and crushed by the clumsy cowbird baby. Even after the little cowbird has learned to fly, it is so lazy that for a long time it returns to its foster mother to be fed.

In the meantime, while Mrs. Song Sparrow is taking care of the cowbird baby, lazy Mrs. Cowbird is having a very good time in the pastures, finding delicious insects and never once thinking that she should be taking care of her babies herself.

INDUSTRY

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

—*John Gay.*

THE CUCKOO

One day, as I was walking through the or chard, I heard a bird-call that I had never hear before. It began softly, "tut-tut-tut, tut-tut tut," and then finished by calling loudly, "Cow cow, cow, cow, cow."

I crept very softly to the apple tree from wher the call came. By looking very closely into th thickest part of the tree, I saw a long tailed brown and white bird.

I said to myself, "Who is he?"

To know this bird, I had to learn some of hi habits so I very quietly stayed near him as h flew from the shelter of one tree to another Luckily, he made no long flights for if he had could not have kept so close to him. While rest ing among the leafy branches of the fruit trees he seemed to be enjoying some dainty morse which he found on the trees. Afterwards, learned that the dainty morsel was a kind c caterpillar which is very harmful to fruit trees

At last I was well rewarded for my patien following. We were now in the center of th orchard. Here grew a low-limbed, young appl tree with very dense foliage. The brown an white stranger flew to the lowest branches an stayed there so long that I dared to follow close Just then, with a whir of wings, two brown an white birds suddenly flew from the tree.

Courtesy U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey

THE AMERICAN CUCKOO

"Your nest, Mr. Brown and White," I thought, "and Mrs. Brown and White, too."

The birds had been frightened away so I needed to be careful no longer. I boldly stepped up to the tree and, parting the limbs, saw the nest. Then I knew the bird's name. For it is only the American cuckoo who builds such a poor house. Several limbs of the tree had grown across each other and, on this platform, a few sticks and pussy willow catkins formed the rough, shallow nest. Three birdlings, with wide-open mouths, struggled about in this uncomfortable shelter. Either their struggles or fear of me made one fall from the nest. It was not hurt, however, for the fall was very short and the grass was thick and soft under the tree.

As I quickly put the birdling back into the carelessly-made nest, I remembered that the cuckoo who lives in Europe does not build a nest at all. In this respect the European cuckoo is like the cowbird. She lays her eggs in the nests of smaller birds. Sometimes, the European cuckoo even takes out the smaller birds' eggs to make room for her own. Then she goes merrily on her way singing the song we know so well, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

THE EAGLE

1. At the top of a tall oak tree, near the bank of a lazy river and just a mile or two from a blue lake, lived a pair of eagles. They had lived there winter and summer for many years.

2. Many people came to see the eagles and their nest but, as they are shy birds and distrustful of people, they always left their oak when they saw someone coming. The nest was so high that it looked like a black spot against the sky. Of what it was made and how it was fastened together no one knew.

3. Then one summer day there was a terrible thunderstorm. The lightning zig-zagged across the sky. The thunder boomed like a hundred bass drums. The oak tree shook and trembled. The leafy top swayed back and forth. The eagles knew their shelter was no longer safe so they left the home perch. It was just in time, too, for a few minutes later the great nest came crashing to the ground.

4. After the storm, the people of the nearby village missed the eagles' nest which had been in the mighty oak for so many years. They found it on the ground! By some miracle it was only slightly damaged. It was nearly six feet across with a bowl-shaped hollow at the top. The foundation was made of tree branches, some only twigs, others medium-sized limbs.

These were carefully woven together. Soft leaves, grass, and moss were used to line it. The eagles must have used this nest for several years for the sticks were quite old and dry.

5. The people in the neighborhood wondered if the eagles would find some safer place to build a nest. But the next spring found a new nest at the top of the old oak in the place of the old one. Here, as every spring before, a pair of eaglets were raised.

6. Every day both mother and father eagle hunted for food for their babies. Sometimes it was a dead fish from the shores of the lake or the river. Sometimes they were lucky enough to find a fish-hawk with a live fish. This would be taken from the fish-hawk and carried home to the ever hungry eaglets. By working together they sometimes were able to catch a wild duck. Four long months the eagles fed and protected their young. Then the eaglets were able to leave the nest and find mates and homes of their own.

7. Life went on smoothly and quietly for the eagles for several years. Then, into the neighborhood, came a man from a far-away country in Europe. He did not know that Americans love and protect this bird which is a sign of their country. He thought that as in his old home in the high mountains these birds should be destroyed.

Courtesy U. S. Bureau of Biological [illegible]

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

8. One day, as Mr. Eagle was soaring over this man's farm, he was shot and killed. Every one who heard of this cruel act was very angry. They wondered what Mrs. Eagle would do now.

9. She waited patiently for several days. She took lonely flights to river and to lake. At

last she knew that her mate could never return. There were also two eaglets to feed. And how hungry they always were! Mrs. Eagle, like all mother eagles, did not like to hunt alone, so the baby eagles were often badly in need of food. Finally, there came a day when the mother returned to the nest and found one of the young ones dead. It had starved. This frightened Mrs. Eagle and, afraid that the remaining eaglet might die, she worked harder and fed this one all it needed. At last, it was big enough to take care of itself, and left the nest.

10. Then the people of the village noticed that Mrs. Eagle was gone, too. She was gone for several weeks. But, one day, the villagers were surprised at seeing two great eagles soaring high above the oak tree. Mrs. Eagle had returned with a new mate.

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lovely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls;
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—*Tennyson.*

THE HOMING PIGEON

When I was a very young child, I made my first acquaintance with homing or carrier pigeons in a very interesting way. I was in the pilot house of a large lake vessel in the middle of one of the Great Lakes. We were traveling from Detroit to Cleveland. For some time I had

Courtesy U. S. Department of Agriculture

THE HOMING PIGEON

been watching a pretty little pigeon held captive in a small wicker cage. I was thinking that this was a very strange place for a bird when the old captain, who lived in Detroit, picked up the cage, took out the pigeon, and stepping to the door, allowed the bird to "take off."

I remember how worried I was as I watched the bird circle around and around and, finally, shoot straight back over the route we had just traveled.

"Why did the captain let it go, father?" I asked. "What will become of it?"

Then my father told me that it would go straight back to the captain's home from which we had come, back to its nest and mate and young ones.

"But how does it know the way?" I insisted.

"All true homing pigeons," father answered, "have the homing instinct. It is something with which they are born. It makes them fly back home whenever and wherever they are let go. I can't tell you more than that, no one knows just what the homing instinct is."

I had to be satisfied with that. But I was always interested in these wonderful birds. Several times each summer after that as I crossed the lake I watched the beginning of the home flights of these pigeons.

Hundreds of years ago, this same homing instinct was used by knights of England and France, traveling to distant lands. They would take several of these birds with them and, at different places in their journey, send one back home with a message firmly fastened to its leg. Armies made use of the pigeon in the same way

before the invention of telegraphs, of telephones, and of the wireless.

It was thought that after these great inventions the homing pigeons would no more be used on the battlefield. But their use during the World War showed that they were one of the surest means of sending messages.

Because they have proved themselves such able messengers, the United States Government has founded a pigeon-training base in New Jersey. Here pigeons are bred for true homing instinct, speed, color, smoothness of head feathers and for use in night flights. All these things will make a more perfect homing pigeon, one that will go more surely, more swiftly, and less noticed than the little bird I saw released from the pilot house of the great vessel so many years ago.

ONE STEP AND THEN ANOTHER

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended.

One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

—*Anonymous.*

THE WILD PASSENGER PIGEON

One cold, rainy Saturday morning, Bob and Betty coaxed Grandfather March to take them to the great museum in the city where they lived. Grandfather had been a great traveler and he told the children many interesting stories about things they saw there.

They were looking at a group of stuffed birds when Bob caught sight of one which had a gray-blue back, red breast, bronze neck feathers, black bill and red feet. The card under this beautiful bird said "Passenger Pigeon—extinct."

Bob wondered what that last word "extinct" meant so he called Grandfather and Betty to see this bird. Then he asked, "What does the last word mean, Grandfather?"

"It means that there are no more passenger pigeons," answered the old man.

"What happened to them?" asked Betty.

"Were they shot?" cried Bob.

"The story of the wild passenger pigeons of America is not a very happy one," answered Grandfather. "Come over to this bench and I shall tell you what I know about them."

So the story began.

"When I was a very young boy, one of the first long journeys I made was from my home in Connecticut to the new state of Kentucky. Most of this new state was still forest. Wild

animals and birds were very plentiful. We had no trouble getting a fat squirrel, rabbit, or turkey whenever it was needed for the table.

"I was staying with my uncle at that time. One morning, we arose at dawn as there was some extra work to do that day. As I stepped outside I heard a distant whirring, rumbling sound. It was a sound such as I had never heard before. It grew louder and louder until, finally, it was almost like thunder. I rushed back to the house and cried, "Uncle, what is the strange sound?"

"Uncle listened a moment and then said, 'The wild pigeons are coming. We shall have plenty of birds for the table for a long time.'

"Soon the flock began to appear. It looked like a great cloud stretching above us as far as we could see. They continued to come for hours. Sometimes the flock was so thick that we could not see the sun; the day became dark."

"Nearby was a great forest of beech trees. That night at dusk we went with our neighbors to this forest. Here we saw a great sight. The great flock of pigeons had chosen this place for a roosting place. Many of the trees were so crowded with birds that the branches could not hold their weight. All through the forest we heard limbs snapping and falling.

"We brought our guns with us, and one or two shots gave us as many birds as we could

carry. We ate plenty of pigeon, I tell you, for the next few days. A good many were pickled and used later as they were needed."

"But, Grandpa," said Betty, "if there were so many why are they all gone now?"

"You can see how many were shot each year when just one shot brought down a few dozen. In twenty years the gun did more harm than the Indian arrows did in several hundred years before.

"Not only were the wild pigeons shot, but they were caught in nets, too. Many of the live pigeons were put in crates and sent to shooting grounds to be used as live targets in shooting matches. Many more were sent to the great city markets and hotels.

"Their food was fruit, seeds, grain, and nuts, especially beech nuts. As time went on the beech forests were cut down. In this way their main food was destroyed.

"One autumn when the birds came from the north, we noticed that the flocks were very, very much smaller. A story was told that a terrible disease had attacked them in their northern summer home. Many of the birds had died from it.

"We do not know just why the passenger pigeons have entirely disappeared. Perhaps all these things—shooting, trapping, cutting of beech trees, and disease—have been the cause.

"The last pair we know of were kept in the Zoo at Cincinnati, Ohio. These birds died sev-

Courtesy U. S. Department of Agriculture

WILD PASSENGER PIGEONS

eral years ago. So, from the millions of wild passenger pigeons, not one remains."

GOLDFISH AS PETS

One Christmas, a bright-eyed little boy was given a beautiful bowl of goldfish. He was very much pleased with them at first, but soon his face clouded and he said, "They'll die, I suppose; all my fish do."

Most people think, like this little boy, that goldfish are hard to keep. This idea is very wrong for with but little care these interesting pets will live many years. The commonest mistakes made are over-crowding, over-feeding, and the lack of oxygen in the water.

Keeping these three things in mind, the aquarium can be arranged so that it will be an interesting study and a lasting pleasure. The first thing to do is to select the proper container for the fish. Dealers in goldfish say that a fish which is one inch long without measuring his tail, requires one gallon of water. This is one reason for not using the small round bowl. The opening at the top of these bowls is often too small, and the curved sides make the fish appear ugly and out of shape. The square or oblong aquarium with straight sides and large open top is best.

In order to live, the fish must have oxygen. This life-giving gas is in the air that we breathe. It is as necessary to all living things as food. Oxygen is found in water, too. But when several fish are confined in a small amount of water the

oxygen is soon used. For this reason, the aquarium should be planted with water plants that give off oxygen. One of the best plants for the aquarium is the cobomba, which can usually be bought from dealers in goldfish. The plants are set in very wet sand along the sides of the aquarium. Then, after placing heavy paper over the sand so that the plants will not be uprooted, fill with water to one-fourth of the top. Do not put in the fish for at least a week. This will give the plants a chance to root. The aquarium is now ready for the fish.

You have learned that over-feeding is a common mistake. The manufacturers of rice wafers, a good fish food, tell us to give each fish a piece one-eighth inch square every other day. Sometimes it is well to give tiny bits of raw beef, lettuce, or dried shrimp instead of the rice wafer, for fish like a change. You will often see them nibbling the tender leaves of the water plants, too.

Many people think the water in an aquarium must be changed every week. This is not necessary if a snail or tadpole is put in the water. They will eat the tiny bits of food left by the fish and keep the water clean and clear. In an aquarium that has enough snails and tadpoles for the number of fish the water does not need to be changed more than once or twice a year. A correctly-started aquarium is an interesting pleasure that will last for many years.

QUEER FISH

The sponge is a queer fish indeed. It lives on the floor of the ocean. When it is dead, its skeleton is often used in the bathroom instead of a wash-cloth. The dark coarse sponges are used for many kinds of cleaning purposes such as window cleaning and washing automobiles. The finer varieties are used during surgical operations. Long ago, the Greeks padded their helmets with the skeletons of these queer sea fish. People used to think sponges were plants but now we know that because of the way they feed and grow they are animals.

Some sponges live in shallow sea water, others live in the deepest part of the ocean, and still others live in the fresh water of ponds and slowly-moving rivers. They are of many different sizes, colors, and shapes. They fasten themselves to rocks at the sea bottom, and if the rocks are rough and uneven the sponges will be rough and uneven, too. Smooth sponges will always be found growing on smooth rocks.

One kind of sponge is very small, only an inch long with five little branches that make it look like a bit of seaweed. Another, the finger sponge that grows in oyster beds, looks like a hand with many fingers. The most beautiful of all are the ones that look like large vases. The living sponge is a soft green or yellow jelly-like mass.

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BOYS AT KEY WEST, FLORIDA, WITH A BIG CATCH OF SPONGES

Sponges are the laziest of all animals. Very early in their lives, they attach themselves to a rock, to an oyster shell, or to a crab. Here they remain waiting for the sea to bring them food. They are never eaten by any of the other animals of the sea because they have a very unpleasant odor and taste. But many kinds of small sea animals such as crabs and worms live inside sponges.

Sponge fishing is very interesting. The biggest of these sponge fisheries are in the waters near Greece and Turkey, in Europe, and in the waters around Florida in the United States.

In Europe, a diver clings to a large stone fastened to a rope. He sinks to the sea bottom, and tears the sponges from the rocks and places them in a net. When the net is full, he signals with the rope to the watchers above and he is drawn up.

In the United States, small vessels go to the sponge bed where they stay for several weeks. The sponges are found by men working in groups of two in small rowboats. In order to locate them "a water-glass" is used. Sometimes the boats are made with glass bottoms, then the sponges can be readily seen. When one is found, it is brought up by a three-pronged hook.

When the boat is loaded, it returns to the vessel and the sponges are laid out on the deck. In a few days the jelly-like mass has run out, and the sponges are dead. Nothing remains but the skeletons which we have all seen. Then they are taken to shore and washed and beaten until clean.

Sponges grow so quickly that often a place that has been entirely stripped one year can be fished again the next. But even though they do grow so quickly there is danger of loss from over-fishing. So the United States government has made laws to govern sponge fishing just as it has made laws to govern other forms of fishing and also hunting.

AMERICA

My country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died
Land of the pilgrims' pride
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

Who wrote this glorious patriotic song? Every American school child knows it. But very few people know the author and how he happened to write it.

A long time ago, a bright young man, Samuel Francis Smith, was studying in a college in the eastern part of our country. While in college, Mr. Smith learned to read German very well. He also wrote many fine poems.

One day a gentleman brought to young Mr. Smith several German music books. He wanted either these songs written in English or other songs written to fit the music. Of course Samuel Smith could do this for he could read his German very well, and was he not a very able poet?

So, on a dreary winter day, the young man began to look through the songbooks. While doing this, he found a tune that interested him very much. It was easy enough for small chil-

dren to sing. When he read the words, he found it was a patriotic song. Suddenly, he snatched up a piece of paper and, in less than half an hour, he wrote the words of "America."

"America" is a song of freedom. In the first stanza, Mr. Smith calls "America," "sweet land of liberty," and finishes it with, "From every mountain-side, Let freedom ring."

Again in the second stanza, freedom is the main thought. That Samuel Francis Smith loved his America is shown also in the following lines;

"My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills
Thy woods and templed hills.
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

The third stanza urges all Americans to show their love for their country by singing this song of freedom.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

The fourth and last stanza is a prayer asking that the freedom which brightens our land may be America's always.

Our Fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

A long time after writing the words and setting them to the tune that he had found in the German book, Mr. Smith learned that the music was the same as that of England's song, "God Save the King."

This mattered not a bit to the Americans who first heard "America" sung by a group of New York children at a Fourth of July celebration. The people liked it because it told how they felt about their country. From that time "America" has been the patriotic song of all loyal Americans.

To God and my country
My head and heart I give;
One country, flag, and language,
As long as I shall live.

—*J. D. Alexander.*

SONGS OF MOTHER GOOSE

A long time ago in England, a group of children used to play a game which is very much like our "Hide and Seek." A little girl, with her eyes closed, stood in the middle of the green. The other children softly crept to different hiding places. Soon, Little Bo Peep wakened and tried to find her sheep who had wandered away from her. As she looked for them she sang the jingle we all know so well—

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And doesn't know where to find them
Leave them alone and they'll come home
Wagging their tails behind them.

"Bo Peep" is just one of the many nursery rhymes that has come to us from the people of England. Another rhyme which has come to us is that about "Jack Spratt." Jack was a very, very thin churchman whose wife was very, very fat. They were such a very queer-looking couple that the people of the village made this rhyme about them—

Jack Spratt could eat no fat
His wife could eat no lean
So betwixt them both
They licked the platter clean.

Very often the king would reward a man for doing some service by giving him a very fine castle surrounded by hundreds of acres of land. Now it happened that Jack Horner very much pleased King Henry. To reward Jack, the King gave him a very rich estate which Jack's friends called a "plum." From this has come—

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a *plum*
And said, "What a great boy am I."

The story of King Cole is perhaps one of the oldest of all the Mother Goose rhymes. King Cole is supposed to have been a prince who lived in England hundreds and hundreds of years ago when the Romans came to that country. Whether he remained happy and carefree after the Roman soldiers arrived, we do not know but the song says—

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his fiddlers three."

The song of "the sixpence" and of "the pocket full of rye" was part of a play acted in

England several hundred years ago. Everything else has been forgotten about the play except this song—

"Sing a song of sixpence*
A pocket full of rye
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing
Was that not a dainty dish
To set before the king?"

In an old, old book of verses were found the rhymes about "Simple Simon" and "Mother Hubbard" while "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" was a popular song several hundred years ago.

We call these, "Mother Goose Songs." Have you ever wondered who "Mother Goose" really was? She must have been a very delightful person for several countries claim her.

One story says that a Frenchman wrote a book of lovely fairy stories called "Tales of Passed Times by Mother Goose." The children of France enjoyed them greatly. Later, this book was written in English for the children of England. This is how English children came to know about "Mother Goose."

Another story tells that in Boston lived a very good-natured grandmother named Mrs.

* An English coin worth about twelve cents.

Vergoose. This old lady had a small grandson of whom she was very fond. In order to amuse the baby the grandmother sang many quaint jingles to him. These songs were made into a book by the little boy's father some years later. But the book has never been found, and this American Mother Goose is perhaps as much a fairy person as the Mother Goose of France and England.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle-doodle-doo!

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick
For dame and doodle-doo.

—*Mother Goose.*

DIXIE

It was July 4, 1917.

The first of the American soldiers, dressed in olive drab were marching through the heart of Paris on their way to the battle front.

They were marching to the steady beat of the drum. Suddenly, the army bands struck up a rousing air—one new to the thousands of French people crowding the street and nearby buildings. Then the American soldiers began to sing!

> I wish I was in the land of cotton,
> Old times there are not forgotten,
> Look away! Look away! Look away!
> Dixie Land.

The French were wild with joy! On went the marching feet and also the song.

> In Dixie Land, where I was born in
> Early on one frosty mornin'
> Look away! Look away! Look away!
> Dixie Land.

Smiles and tears and shouts of joy were mingled together in the mighty applause. And still the song of courage went on:

> Then I wish I was in Dixie
> Hooray, Hooray,

In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To live or die in Dixie
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

This stirring song aroused the war-weary people of Paris and gave them renewed courage to drive on and win the war. What "Dixie" this day did for the French, it has often done for the Americans.

How many children have whistled and sung "Dixie"?

Armies have marched to war to it. Youths and maidens have danced to it. Soldiers have died singing it! And "Dixie" lives on, one of America's most popular songs.

Just as "Yankee Doodle" was the war song of the Revolutionary War, "Dixie" was the war song of the southern army during the war between the states. By many it is thought to be the best war song America has ever had. Yet, only a few people know the story of how "Dixie" came to be written.

The Dixie land that we know is the southern part of our country. The first Dixie, however, was a great stretch of land where New York City now is. It was owned by a man, named Dixie, who had a great number of negroes working for him. These, he later took with him to the South. Strange as it may seem, the name Dixie soon began to mean the pleasant south-

©Brown Brothers

DANIEL EMMET, THE COMPOSER OF DIXIE

land. This was the beginning of our charming "Dixie."

Daniel Emmet, who wrote the song "Dixie" was an actor as well as a song writer. Many of his actor friends came from the South and were familiar with this name Dixie for the South. Again and again, during the cold northern winters, he heard these friends say, "I wish I was in Dixie." They meant the southern states where the weather was warm and balmy.

At the time when Mr. Emmet wrote this song, he was acting in a minstrel show in New

York City. One Saturday night, his manager told him to have a new song for the coming Monday night's performance. On the next day, which was Sunday, Mr. Emmet wrote Dixie. He used for the main thought the catchy line, "I wish I was in Dixie," that he had so often heard his friends say.

Everyone who heard the new song was delighted with it. It was sung in every part of the United States. It was especially well liked in New Orleans. From this southern city it spread to all parts of the south.

A few months later, the southern soldiers marched to war singing "Dixie." The South had taken "Dixie" for their song.

SUWANEE RIVER

'Way down upon the Suwanee River,
Far, far away
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

HOME SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

How sweet 'tis to sit neath a father's fond smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.

This lovely old song, that is sung by the people of almost every country in the world, was written by an American, John Howard Payne.

Payne remembered a delightful childhood home when he wrote these lines. He was born in New York City, one of a large family. While still a small boy, his father took the family to live in a pretty little town on Long Island. Here John Howard Payne grew up among the finest people. And it was here as a boy that he wrote the clever poems which were published in one of the papers.

While he was in college, his mother died. His father lost a great deal of money and it was necessary for Payne to leave college. To help support the family, he became an actor. He was very successful on the stage. He acted before many people in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, and Boston. After his father's death, he went to England. He did some acting there and for twenty years managed a London theatre paper. Sometimes, life and success were easy for John Payne but often he knew sorrow, too.

When he wrote "Home Sweet Home" he was nearly starving in a garret in Paris. A theatre manager had bought a great many of Payne's writings. Among them was a play. Payne was asked to turn this play into an opera. The song "Home Sweet Home" was sung in this opera. The words are written by Payne. The music was written by an Englishman, Sir Henry Bishop.

It is strange that every one who was interested in this opera of Payne's became enriched through it, all except Payne himself. In the great cities of Europe and America, Payne heard his song sung by millions of people, when often he had not enough money to buy his dinner. All the world sang "Home Sweet Home" while the author wandered homeless from place to place.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like
home.

MOTHER SONG

Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat!
Beat upon mine! you are mine, my sweet!
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet.

Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you this!
And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss!
Sleep!

Father and Mother will watch you grow,
And gather the roses whenever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go,
My sweet.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

I. South Wind's Visit with Gluck

Styria was a mountainous kingdom. But in the most hidden part was a very rich and fertile valley. This valley was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, whose high peaks were always covered with deep snow, and from which a swift river descended in waterfalls. One of these fell westward over rocks so high, that, when the sun did shine full upon it, this waterfall looked like a rich torrent of gold. It was called by these mountain people, the golden river. In the summers, when those mountains were burned and dried up from lack of rain, in this little valley of the golden river, there was plenty of rain. Its crops were so heavy, its hay so high, its apples so red, its grapes so blue, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to all who saw it. They rightly called it Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers were very ugly men, with over-hanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were half shut so that you could not see into them, but you always felt that they could see very far into you.

These three lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very stingy farmers they were. Everything was killed that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they picked the fruit; they killed the porcupines because they hurt the sheep; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs on the kitchen floor; they worked their servants without pay, then quarreled with them and turned them out-of-doors without paying them.

They grew very rich. They kept their corn until it was very dear, and then sold it for twice what it was worth. They had bags of gold lying around on the floors, yet they were never known to have given a penny or a crust of bread to the poor. They were stingy and cruel and everyone called them the Black Brothers.

The younger brother Gluck was very different from his brothers. He was twelve years old, with large blue eyes and yellow hair. He was kind and generous to every living thing. Of course, he did not agree with his brothers, nor did they agree with him. They made him scrub the floors, carry the water from the well, cook and wash the dishes. Often all that he had to eat was what his older brothers left on their plates.

Things went on in this way for a long time. At last there came a very wet summer when everything in the country around was killed by

the floods. Only in Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it now had sun when there was sun nowhere else. The neighbors, from near and far, came to buy corn. The Black Brothers asked what they liked and got it except from the poor, who could only beg in vain.

It was winter, and very cold, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to watch the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard and the kitchen walls were dripping wet and cold. He turned and turned the roast, and it became nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so

much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard. The knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of what might happen. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who was there.

It was the funniest looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large brass-colored nose, and his cheeks were very round and very red. His eyes twinkled merrily through long, silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice around like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, fell down over his shoulders. He was about four feet high, and on his head was a pointed cap almost as tall as he. This hat was decorated with a black feather some three feet long. He wore an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it far out from the little man's shoulders.

Gluck was so scared that he could not say a word. The old gentleman knocked again, and turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with his mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in."

Indeed, the little gentleman was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets and out again like a tiny brook.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck; "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, crossly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire, blazing, crackling, and dancing in the fireplace, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head so long out of the window by this time that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he

turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, his heart agreed with the old gentleman that it should not be burning away for nothing. "He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter. Gluck's lonely day was at an end.

THE CHEERFUL SUNBEAM

One day, a sunbeam met a cloud;
'Twas in the month of May.
Frowning, the cloud said angrily,
"You're always in the way."

The sunbeam smiled and said, "My dear,
Why can't we work together?
The flowers need us both you know,
Sunshine, and rainy weather."

—*Anonymous.*

II. SOUTH WIND VISITS HANS AND SCHWARTZ

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the roast is done, sir," replied Gluck; "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down near the fire, with the top of his cap up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck; and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it for a long time ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, after watching for a quarter of an hour the water spreading in long streams over the floor; "may I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton then," replied his visitor. After a long time the cloak was dried and the little old gentleman said, "That mutton looks very nice. Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday or today. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very sad a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "My brothers promised me one slice today, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a loud rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped away from the fireplace as if it had suddenly become very warm. Gluck fitted the knife into the mutton again, and ran to open the door. The brothers were there and the friendly visit of the old gentleman with Gluck was at an end,

"Why did you keep us waiting in the rain?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Yes! what for, indeed, you little good-for-nothing?" said Hans, giving the boy a box on each ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling-pin was coming down on Gluck's head; but at that moment, the old gentleman held out his cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. It was very odd that the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I am a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very quietly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz.

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs."

"Yes!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to good-for-nothing fellows like you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen—"

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell into the corner on top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head

against the wall as he tumbled into the corner.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round and round until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), and replied with perfect coolness; "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock tonight I'll call again. That is the last visit I shall ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but before he could finish his sentence the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang. At the same moment a ragged cloud went past the window and whirled and rolled down the valley in all manner of shapes: turning over and over in the air and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz.

"Dish the meat, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the meat has been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room sad enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, and locked the rest in the cupboard.

Such a night as it was! The brothers put up all the shutters and barred the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a terrible crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up in their bed, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water; and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam ball,

spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which sat the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to bother you," said their visitor. "I'm afraid your beds are damp; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and ill with fright.

"You will find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the last visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam ball disappeared.

Morning came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin. The flood had swept away many trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-stricken into the kitchen.

The water had filled the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing, had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were written the words:

SOUTH WIND, ESQUIRE

III. THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER VISITS GLUCK

South Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. Never again did he enter Treasure Valley; and what was worse, he told his cousins, the West Winds, not to come any more. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable to make a living in such a place, went to the city. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. We can put a great deal of copper into the gold without anyone's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one. They hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But people did not like the coppered gold. Whenever they had sold anything, the two elder brothers used to leave little Gluck to take care of the furnace, while they spent the money in the inn next door to them. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and at last had but one large mug, which an uncle had given to little

Gluck. The boy was very fond of it and would not have parted with it for the world.

The mug was very odd to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, and these wreaths were mixed with a beard and whiskers which had been made to surround a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold right in the front of the mug. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being gazed upon by those big eyes; and Schwartz said that once he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart. But the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the inn, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck ran over to the melting pot and took a last look at his old friend. The flowing hair was all gone. Nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked wilder than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way."

He went to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air and to get away from the heat of the furnace for a moment. Now, from this window, one could see the tall mountains which overhung the Treasure Valley, and the peak from which fell the Golden

River. It was just at the close of the day; and when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset.

There were bright tongues of fiery clouds burning about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving stream of pure gold from rock to rock, with a beautiful purple rainbow stretched across them.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. Nobody was there. He looked round the room and under the table and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he did not speak, but he could not help thinking again that it would be very nice if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!' said Gluck again, "what is that?" He looked again in all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear.

It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lire-la"; no words, only a soft, lively tune, something like that of a kettle boiling. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment, "Lala-lire-la."

All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he was right, it seemed to be coming not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room for a minute or two with his hands up and his mouth open, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and distinct.

"Hello!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hello, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck walked straight up to the pot, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and smooth as a quiet river. As he looked in, he saw from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, only they were a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again; "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was so much surprised that he could not even move.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly.

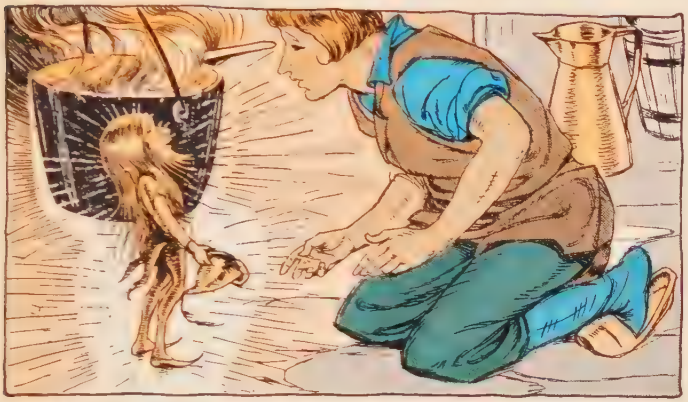
Still Gluck couldn't move.

"Will you pour me out?" said the angry voice. "I'm too hot."

Then Gluck took hold of the pot, and tried to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms, and finally, the well-known head of his friend, the mug. All of these rolled out upon the floor, finally came together and stood up in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping. He was trying to see if he were all together again. He was dressed in a suit of spun gold, and over it his hair and beard fell halfway to the ground in waving curls so soft and dainty that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended. When the dwarf had finished looking at himself, he turned his small, sharp eyes on Gluck and stared at him for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very softly.



"No," said the dwarf. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and walked up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high and setting them down very hard. This gave time for Gluck to do some thinking and seeing no reason why he should be afraid of his visitor, he dared to ask him a question.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, "were you my mug?"

Then the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Once more he turned about and walked up and down the room. Then he walked up to Gluck and looked him full in the face as if he were surely expecting the boy to speak.

Gluck felt that he must say something, so he said, "I hope your Majesty is very well."

"Listen!" said the little man, paying no attention to the question, "I am the King of what you people call the Golden River.

"Thanks to you, I am now freed from an enchantment of a wicked and stronger king. What I have seen of you and your conduct toward your wicked brothers makes me willing to help you. Therefore, listen to what I now tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River coming, and shall throw into the stream at its beginning three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one who fails may ever succeed again, and if any one shall throw unholy water into the river, he will be turned into a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and slowly walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had gone.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

IV. HANS AND SCHWARTZ SEEK THE GOLDEN RIVER

The King of the Golden River had hardly gone when Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house very, very drunk. Gluck told them his story, which, of course, they did not believe. They beat him till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, they were sober and they began to think his story might be true. They quarreled a long time over which of them should try his fortune first, then drew their swords and began fighting. The noise frightened the neighbors, who, when they could do nothing with the fighters, sent for the constable.

Hans hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the judge, and fined for breaking the peace. Being without a penny, he was thrown into prison till he should pay.

Hans was delighted when he heard this and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. But how was he to get the holy water? He went to the priest, but the priest would give none to such a bad man. So he went to church for the first time in his life and stole a cupful.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong bottle, and put two bottles of wine and some bread in a

basket. He put them over his back, took his cane in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars and looking very sad.

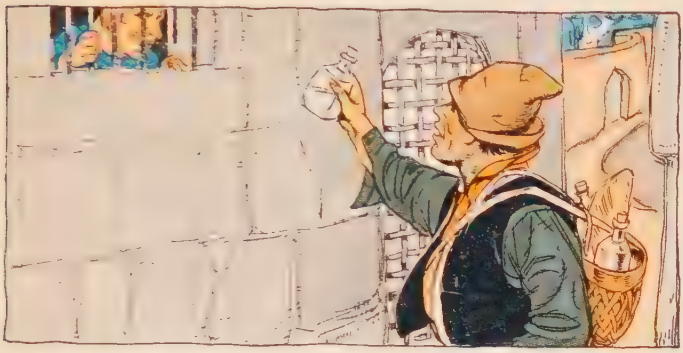
"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him and shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face and marched away, gay and happy.

Hans fixed his eyes on the high mountain peak where lay the Golden River. He set off at a rapid rate, which greatly tired him before he had climbed the first of the low green hills. He was, moreover, surprised to find that a large mountain of ice lay between him and the Golden River. Never before had he walked on ice so slippery!

Out of all its cracks came wild sounds of gushing water. The ice crashed and yawned into fresh openings at his feet. In great fear he leaped the last opening, and threw himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm earth of the mountain.

His basket of food had been so heavy that he had thrown it away and now had nothing to eat



but some of the ice. This, however, relieved his thirst, and after resting for an hour he went on with his journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass on which to walk, or a rock or tree to shade him from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat down upon the steep path. Now he was thirsty as well as tired. Glance after glance he cast at the water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may at least cool my lips with it."

He opened the bottle, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on a dog lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, dying from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its legs stiff. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, kicked the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was,

but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and rougher every moment, and the high, mountain air, instead of cooling him seemed to throw his blood into a fever. His thirst increased, another hour passed, and he again looked down to the bottle at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path before him. It was a beautiful child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans looked at it, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but the air was no cooler. He saw the waterfall of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe and sprang on to finish his task.

Just then he heard a faint cry. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man lying on the rocks. His eyes were sunken, and he was deadly pale. "Water!" he cried feebly. "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "you have had your share of life." He stepped over the fallen body and ran on. Blue lightning rose out of the

East, shaped like a sword; it shook three times over the whole heaven, and left it black.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at its edge. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset. Shuddering, he drew the bottle from his belt and threw it into the center of the stream. As he did so, an icy chill came over him and he fell into the water. He was turned into a BLACK STONE.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened.

Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must have turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night.

When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith. He worked so hard and so neatly and so long every day that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine. He went then and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged that he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a deed might not be considered right by the King of the Golden River, and he determined to do things differently. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water for it. Then Schwartz was sure that all was quite right. He got up early in the morning before the sun rose, took some bread and wine in a basket, put his holy water in a bottle, and set off for the mountains.

Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the ice, and found it hard to cross, even after leaving his basket behind him. Dark purple clouds were in the sky and the hills looked dark and gloomy. As Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his bottle to his lips to drink. Then he saw the poor child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. As he went, he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black clouds rising out of the West. When he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying on the path, and moaning for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and saw that a mist the color of blood had come over the sun.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned. As he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed—do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for you!" And he stepped over the figure. When he had gone a few yards farther he looked back; but the figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold was greater than his fear, and he rushed on. The heavens became black and were filled with zig-zag lightning. When Schwartz stood by the edge of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he threw the bottle into the stream. As he did so, the lightning struck him; the earth swallowed him; and Schwartz was turned into the second BLACK STONE in the Golden River.

V. GLUCK'S QUEST

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry and did not know what to do. He had no money, so he was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him very little money. After a month or two Gluck grew tired and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the ice had made his brothers very tired, it was twenty times worse for Gluck, who was neither so strong nor so used to the mountains. He had several bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had crossed over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day.

When he had climbed for an hour, he became dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink as his brothers had done, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very

feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man. "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then Gluck went on again merrily. The path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it; some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

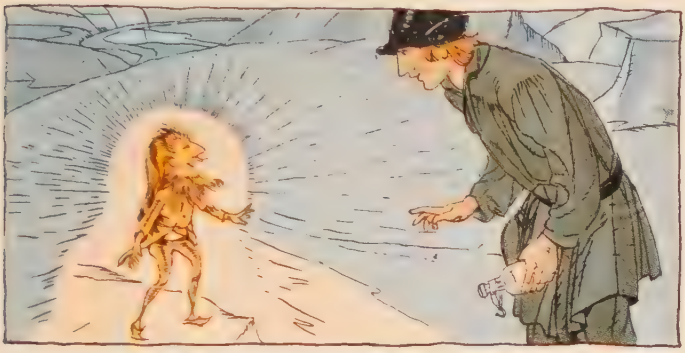
Then he went on for another hour, and he became so thirsty that he thought he should have to drink. But as he raised the bottle he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Gluck struggled with himself and decided to bear the thirst a little longer; he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Having done this, it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star. He then turned and began climbing again. And behold, there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks. Crimson and purple butterflies darted here and there, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet after he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became terrible again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not dare to drink. But just as he was hanging the bottle in his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day he had climbed the mountain. Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, that one could try but once. He tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and he stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it.

"Confound the king and his gold, too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared; its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling. In three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old friend, the king of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the king; "but don't be frightened; it's all right. Why didn't you come before instead of sending me those rascally



brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but" and his face grew stern as he spoke—"the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in Heaven."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the bottle which Gluck held in

his hand. "Throw these into the river," he said, "and go down the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley; and so, goodbye."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became dim. The colors of his robe formed themselves into a mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant covered with them as with a belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint; the mist rose into the air; the king had gone.

Gluck climbed to the edge of the golden river. Its waves were as clear as crystal and as bright as the sun. When he threw the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small whirlpool, into which the waters fell with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed to grow very much less. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and went down the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley; and as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. Now, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river like the Golden River, was springing from a new opening in the rocks above it, and was flowing in many streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and

climbed among the wet soil. Flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars appear when darkness comes. Vines and bushes threw shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again. And that which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

Gluck went and lived in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn and his house of treasure. For him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

—*John Ruskin.*

THE GARDEN YEAR

1

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

2

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

3

March brings breezes, loud and shrill,
To stir the dancing daffodil.

4

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

5

May brings flocks of pretty lambs
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

6

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

7

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots, and gillyflowers.

8

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

9

Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

10

Fresh October brings the pheasant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

11

Dull November brings the blast;
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

12

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

—*Sara Coleridge.*

DIRECTIONS TO TEACHERS

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The aim of the Fourth Grade Thought Test Reader is the continuation of comprehension development which was begun in the first three grades. In this grade as in the previous ones, comprehension is developed by means of silent reading followed by the oral check; it is measured by the use of the test sheets.

Several new types of responses are found in this Fourth Grade Thought Test Reader. They are of the arrangement type, paragraph identification, the matching of expressions to form correct sentences, the true-false test, and the elimination type of response.

Since these are new to the children, it will in most cases be necessary for teacher and pupils to work together on the first lesson of each type. At least the first response in each of these new lessons should be worked out with the children. Lessons 11, 24, 29, and 34 are lessons of such type which need development. These are introductory lessons. In the remaining lessons the child, unaided, records the results of his comprehension.

Procedure for use of the Test Sheets. Lesson 1. (The King's Dram . Distribute a textbook to each child. The books should never be left with the children because they would become familiar with the material and the measuring value would be destroyed. Then distribute the test sheets with the printed side down. Write the title of the story to be read and the page where it appears on the blackboard. The children will turn to the page in the book where the story begins. But they are not to read until the signal is given. When all have the place, say, "Begin to read." Time them As soon as the story is read, the child should turn the test sheet and follow the directions on it.

Since this work is for the development of comprehension and not a test of memory the child may keep his book open and refer to it while working on the test sheet. All the children will not begin to work on the test sheets at the same time, for some will need more time for the reading. But *all* must stop when the signal is given to stop.

Timing

As the results of each lesson are to be measured, a definite number of minutes for reading and responding must be given. A suggested amount of time for each lesson is indicated at the top of each test sheet. In case the time is not right for a particular class, allow sufficient time for the majority of the class to finish. Use a watch with a second hand. Just before the second hand comes to "60" or some convenient starting place say, "Begin to read."

If twelve minutes is the time allowed for the reading and for the testing of a certain story, say, "Stop!" when the time is up.

ORAL CHECK

The child's ability to comprehend grows as a result of checking his answers with the correct answers, thus showing him where he was right and where he was wrong. This is a most necessary procedure. The check for Lesson One follows:

Teacher: Let us put away our pencils and find if we have done just what we were told to do. What is the first thing you did, James?"

James: I underlined "that they should think more often of him."

Teacher: Why did James underline that, Helen?

Helen: Because the directions say, "Draw a line under the correct answers to each of the following statements."

Teacher: How do you know that this is the correct answer, Verna?

Verna: The story says (reading from book) "I have thought long of the matter," continued the King, "and it seems to me that the people should think more often of their king."

Teacher: Yes, you have proved that James' answer is correct. Proceed with the remainder of the test in this way.

THE INTRODUCTORY LESSON

In the introductory lesson we have a new type of response. The children will need to be taught how to respond to each new type. This is done by teacher and pupils working together. In Lesson 11, the first introductory lesson, the children proceed with the silent reading of the story as usual. When all have finished reading, the teacher will say, "Read silently the direction on the test sheet."

Teacher: What do you think it means, Ruth?

Ruth: It means that the sentences are not in the order in which they are found in the story. We should copy the sentences in the right order on the lines below.

Teacher: What shall we do first, John?

John: We should write "The first Englishmen came to Jamestown to find gold" on the lines marked 1.

Teacher: How do you know that John is right, Betty?

Betty: The first part of the story reads, "They came to America because they had been told that America was a rich country where they would find plenty of gold."

Teacher: Which of these sentences occurs next in the story, Fred?

Fred: John Smith was the leader of the Jamestown colony.

Teacher: How shall we show that this sentence comes next in the story, Ned?

Ned: We should copy the sentence on the lines marked 2.

Finish the remainder of the lesson in this manner.

The teacher may work at the board if she wishes or merely indicate as in the above procedure, the placing of the numbers.

SCORING

The final scoring or correcting of the test sheets must be done by the teacher. The scoring basis is indicated on each test sheet. After the papers are scored, they should be returned to the children that they may learn definitely of their achievement.

Interesting graphs may be kept for this work. Children in the fourth grade benefit and enjoy this summarizing of their results very much.

ORAL READING OF THESE LESSONS

The average Fourth Grade child has mastered the mechanics of reading by the time he has left the third grade. Therefore oral reading is not the essential type of reading that it was in the first three grades. The child must read silently now to develop speed and a high type of comprehension. It is suggested that the oral reading for these Fourth Grade Thought Test lessons be limited to the oral reading needed for the oral check and for the correct pronunciation of certain proper names found in several of the stories. There may, however, be classes so far below average in reading that the entire oral reading of the story will be of benefit before proceeding with the oral check. Whether oral reading is necessary or not must be left to the teacher's judgment.